

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MARCH 28, 1983

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OUT OF WORK



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Denny Reid, Vancouver



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Life and death

For the first time in Canada, inspectors last week battled over "the right to die." In the end, Stephen Dawson, 4, was granted his life-saving operation. —Page 44



Off-season of discontent

The CFL fights for survival—against a new U.S. league, broad-outs of home games in local bars and Harold Ballard's threat to move the Tiger-Cats. —Page 42

COVER

Out of Work

Behind the brutal unemployment statistics lie countless tales of broken dreams and shattered lives. A York University psychologist has charted the six stages of decline that a once hopeful person goes through in the grips of long-term unemployment. But it is the victims themselves who tell the real story, in an eloquent bars of misfortune. —Page 39

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Influencing Tories

Three more Tories throw their hats into the leadership race—Bruce Mulroney, John Crosbie and Peter Blaker. In the end, they may need each other. —Page 19



Guilt and suffering

In the TV adaptation of Colleen McCollough's best seller *The Thorn Birds*, Richard Chamberlain is a priest, torn between a pretty girl and the papacy. —Page 52

Assam vs. Sabra and Shattila

It is with a sense of sadness and moral indignation that I reflect upon the recent massacre of 1,500 innocent men, women and children in Assam, India (A. Bhabha's *Tragedy in Assam*, World, March 7). It is always painful to read of human suffering brought about by terrorists or bigots. In this case, which follows so closely the recent massacre of Moslems by Christians in Lebanon, there is, however, a double agony. We wait to hear of an emergency session in the United Nations called for the purpose of condemning the government

of India for allowing this heinous act to happen. We wait for calls demanding a cessation of bigotry. We expect the editorials in our free press to demand the resignation of the prime minister of India, its defence minister, its minister of the interior. We wait for the outpouring of wrath and indignation from the humanitarians around the world. We wait and wait and wait. How strange a double standard was applied to the state of Israel!

—FRANK DIMANT
Executive Vice-President,
Jewish Anti-Defamation League,
New York, N.Y.

Enough burnout already

Just when I thought I had seen and heard it all, along comes your article on burnout in all its alarums and exaggerated claims (The New Personalities, February, Feb. 23). Another ridiculous application of a trendy term for a reality of popular psychology that has been applied to everyone from dentists to librarians. Enough already!

—ALAN K. STEINER
Thunder Bay, Ont.

Black: the whole picture

Regarding your Feb. 23 cover story, *The Love and Glorious Black* I followed this case in the newspapers but I did not get the whole picture. Your article was interesting and objective. The events were well summarized. It will be interesting to see how the Canadian investigation turns out. Please continue to keep us well informed.

—YOLANDE DUTCHER-DAVID
Port Hope, Ont.

Anyway, no homicide around

Please inform Alex Fotheringham that Peter Fackington does not have any "Anyway salesmen" to lead to anyone (Moving Around at the Starting Gate, Feb. 14). Anyway distributors such as myself are merely independent business people and believers in free enterprise who are bound by the laws of the land, our own rules of conduct and our strict code of ethics. Please, do not harass around with the image of my business!

—ALVIN BLACKIE
Joliet, Ont.

Long talk, short dock

While I am not a supporter of Brian Peckford, or of many of his policies, I find your article in the People's edition of the Feb. 25 issue to be insulting and tacky. Brian Peckford's only claim to fame is that he is married to the premier of Newfoundland. When I grew up in St. John's, meeting such a lady would require an apology. If the apology was not forthcoming, the offender was usually picked over the nearest wharf. If you cannot apologize, could you please inform me of your writer's name so I may direct him or her to the nearest wharf?

—BRIGID HEALY
St. John's

NFB films: damaging?

I appreciated your article *Detour Across the Border* (Environment, March 7). The handling of the National Film Board's documentary films on acid rain and nuclear war as propaganda (according to the U.S. justice department) will only serve to brighten their impact. Propaganda is defined as "ideas, facts or allegations spread delib-

erately to further one's cause or to damage an opposing cause." This leads one to question what opposing cause the U.S. government is actually trying to protect. It appears that the interests of the economic elite are being protected before those of the average American.

—TOM KOTLE,
Ottawa

From complaints to accolades

I was just preparing to sit down and write about Macdon's five-year trial that comes with new Macdon's subscriptions and gives you a little free advertising. But old Charles Gordon used as both a list of accolades whining by drinking me with her sparkling wit. His thoughts not only probe a current issue but also shed light on the potential of modern journalism itself (The First Shall be No First Stride, Feb. 28). He does not get stuck in reared mode or get carried away by a sensational angle, he thinks—a trait lacking in many of today's journalists. —NADINE KLEINER,
London, Ont.

In the name of charity

I found your article *The Lost Innocence of Child Sponsorship* (Editorial, Feb. 20) misleading, to say the least. While I agree that this method of giving is not perfect, I fail to see which method is Christian of such organizations as The Foster Parents Plan only parents is fueling avarice for people who cannot find it in their hearts and souls to give something of themselves to others. Those who subscribe the excuse you offer will not attempt to find another way to give but instead will acknowledge all charities for being inefficient.

—BARBARA FOX,
Windsor, Ont.

My congratulations for your article on Foster parenting. I strongly believe that Canadians should support aid abroad, yet I am concerned that child sponsorship through such agencies as Foster Parents Plan and World Vision is the worst way to help. Their programs are paternalistic and their advertising exploitative.

—JULIAN PUGHMAN,
Vancouver

There has been a lot of tragic foolishness committed in the name of charity over the years. To state that "We're not saying that fundraising is wrong, but that there's a better way" without saying what that better way might be is a bit like bystanders deciding that since they can save only one drowning victim out of a boatload, they will not bother. And besides, the boat should have been reinforced.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Write or call for more information: address and telephone number. All correspondence in letters to the Editor, Macdon's magazine, c/o University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A7.

signed to prevent sinking anyway. What seems to emerge from an article like this is a dangerous backsliding toward the "How can I help?" I'm only one person's attitude. Of course, sponsorship charities are not the only way to help the Third World, but the combination of community development, with outstanding friendships overseas, is an approach that gets people involved. As agencies, we operate best through personal contact. It fills the need of the giver as well as that of the receiver and can lead, as it has in my case, to a lasting friendship with a family in a faraway country. So "hak" to Norel.

Norel's outcry that "is pleading child appeals to the emotions." Of course it does! Shouldn't it? In the time during which I have sponsored my current foster friend, I have received most interesting and educational letters from the child's father, his uncle, the social worker who sponsored on the diabolical of reaching his supports on his right-side. Myself and one from the village chief, full of facts about the way of life in the area. I am pretty sure that the letters I send are received with the same sense of adventure and enthusiasm.

—SHARON YOUNG-LAL,
Victoria

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Polio's forgotten victims

In the summer of 1963 scores of Winnipeg families fled to the countryside, hoping to escape the polio wave that was terrorizing the city. When the epidemic subsided in October, 2,308 people had been stricken by the crippling disease, 89 of whom died. It was the highest case incidence ever recorded

in a large North American city. Then the availability of the Salk polio vaccine two years after the Winnipeg outbreak largely removed the threat of the killer disease, and the plight of its victims has been largely forgotten. Now, 30 years later, two Winnipeg doctors, John Alcock, 68, and Joseph Knudert, 66, have

with the aid of a \$70,000 federal grant, conducted the first comprehensive follow-up—of 680 victims—to determine how the paralyzing disease affected their lives.

For most of the surviving victims who suffered from varying degrees of paralysis, learning to take care of themselves in a prosaically society in which there were no consumer advocacy groups for the disabled was difficult. For the victims who turned to relatives for help, Manitoba established its first home-care services department, and businessmen quickly donated motorized wheelchairs and portable respirators. About 98 per cent of the victims who responded to the doctors' study recovered enough to lead productive lives. One, Robert Dandfield, 35, is a federal tax-loss official in British Columbia, while another, David Stone, 37, whose arms are still paralyzed, is a senior civil servant in the Manitoba government. Stone, who was six when he was stricken by the disease, has had a car modified with special foot controls so he can travel throughout the province. Medical engineers have mounted foot controls on the iron lung in which he sleeps so that he can open and close it himself.

Roughly 17 per cent of the 596 victims with acute respiratory problems who responded to an earlier study by the doctors needed permanent respirators, confining them to life in hospital. But most have refused to allow the tragedy to ruin their lives and they have set up small businesses selling cosmetics, jewelry and lottery tickets from their hospital beds. One innovative petriest, Betty Baustier, 56, has spent the past 20 years in the Winnipeg Municipal Hospital. Baustier, who had two small children when polio struck in 1963, has written a book about her experiences. Called *Cramped*, it has sold about 7,000 copies. Says Baustier, who also earns money by selling her oil paintings "We are living proof that hope springs eternal."

Because many of the polio victims of the 1960s are now middle-aged, their needs are changing. "Parents and spouses or other relatives may be too old to help as they once did," says Alcock, the medical director of the Winnipeg Municipal Hospital, where 19 of the victims live. Alcock and Knudert want to determine what aging physicians are unique to polio victims so that provisions can be made for their future care. Says Knudert: "Rather than rehospitalizing a lot of people when their families become too old to help them, we should be planning ahead, perhaps for more residences for the polio-handicapped or for any other large group of handicapped people, such as those disabled in wars." —PETER CARVILLE GORDON in Winnipeg



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SUPER, NATURAL
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Crosbie in his kitchen; Mulroney in Ottawa. Friendships at convenience are forming as candidates plot exit ahead

CANADA

Winning friends and influencing Tories

By Carol Goss

When Brian Mulroney decided to launch his bid for the Conservative leadership this week on the same day as John Crosbie, he took the unusual step of calling Crosbie to apologize. More than just a courtesy call, the gesture was a signpost of the crafty politicking behind the scenes in the Tory leadership race. Instead of keeping a frosty distance from one another, the major contenders are doing their best to be friendly rivals. The reason, each candidate knows that his fate at the Ottawa convention in June could depend on attracting the support of others eliminated early in the race. "The personal relations among the candidates are great," Mulroney told *Macleans* in a three-hour interview last week. "You've got to have a capacity for growth."

One such convenient friendship is between Newfoundland millionaire Crosbie and former Toronto mayor David Crombie. Both have promptly said that they would direct their supporters toward Mulroney as a second choice

Crosbie and Crosbie, in turn, are casting covetous eyes on the supporters of former party leader Joe Clark. As a top Crosbie aide put it: "The theory that has guided most of our actions is 'Don't get into fights with Joe Clark'."

Against that backdrop of wheedling and dodging, the public developments in the leadership race continued apace. Crosbie and Mulroney confirmed that they would make their much-awaited candidacies official this week on the first day of spring. Crosbie at a luncheon at Toronto's Canadian Club and Mulroney at a press conference in Ottawa's National Press Theatre. Montreal lawyer and former party president Peter Blakey began the fray in Montreal his last week. Ontario Premier William Davis announced to keep the party—and his own legislators—on tenterhooks. Amidst all those predictable campaign developments, there was one slight surprise—party headquarters dryly proclaimed that the rules of the June convention forbade the consumption of alcohol in candidates' households during official convention functions.

Crosbie, the 52-year-old former 8-1/2-hour outliner, who in his 1979 budget earned the phrase "short-term pain for long-term gain," says the Tory spotlight spent part of last week at his St. John's house preparing for the three-month campaign. Seated at his kitchen table, he said that he had no regrets about his budget, which brought down the Clark government. "If it had gone into effect, we'd be considerably better off now," he declared. "The 79 budget is one of the best things I have going for me."

Meanwhile, in Ottawa, Crosbie's key strategists were working feverishly on their first meeting with—personal appeal from Crosbie to 20,000 potential delegates, their names gathered from lists of former delegates dating back to 1976. Aides revealed that the cost of the Crosbie campaign was likely to be \$200,000, much of which has already been collected, mostly from small donations.

But Crosbie needs more than money. In the past two years he has worked on overhauling his image. A circle of trusted advisors, including campaign manager John Lachance, has persuaded him to soften his booby bursts of down-home blarney. They have coaxed him to switch from his garish style to what his workers call "normal business dress."

Still, many fear that his late-1970s reputation as the worst primer of the Commonsense would jeopardize his leadership prospects. Crosbie denies the suggestion. "That's such a appalling criticism that I don't think anyone can take it seriously," he said. "I can be lega-

lism as well. If I have to be serious and hapless to impress the Canadian public, then I'll accept that. These 200,000 people don't think that's true." Oddly enough, the personality trait that concerns Crosbie strategists most in his opponent rather than his adversary is his fact, one side will accompany Crosbie during the campaign for the express purpose of helping him cope with his discomfort among strangers.

Crosbie leaves his current match Mulroney as a glimmer candidate. His workers count on his parliamentary experience, his intellect and his capacity for hard work to impress delegates. Producing a "very solid and respectable performer" for Crosbie as the first ballot, his supporters hope he will charge up from behind and overtake the faster candidate late in the race.

In contrast, Montrealer Mulroney is fighting to prove that he is made of more than charm and glitter. In 1976, when he took his first run at the leadership and finished third, the Toronto Globe and Mail concluded, "It was a media myth, plastered together with dollar bills, free lunches, pool parties, lots of booze and little content." Mulroney still bristles at the assessment. "That would be the kind of easy, fly, frolic statement that journalists should make about someone as the kind of thing to avoid," he snapped.

While the 46-year-old president of the Free One Co. of Canada declined to discuss past mistakes, he admits he will conduct a different campaign this time. It will aim to stress fragility, and active leadership planning and an abundance of face-to-face meetings with delegates in living rooms, church basements and community halls.

Mulroney's lavish surroundings and his refusal to disclose the sources of campaign donations have not helped. The visible flaws of his first leadership bid, but other serious problems were not on public display. One was that he had virtually no support among Conservative MPs. Another was his insistence that his lack of parliamentary experience was an advantage.

Now he admits frankly that "the fact that I'm an outsider is a legitimate response." To make up for his lack of a political base in Ottawa, he has travelled to the capital for several 10-day rounds of meetings with caucus MPs, such as George Hume and Allen Hamblin.

In one such foray last week, Mulroney, who was recently cited in an *Anglo* magazine as one of the most powerful Indian leaders, relaxed in a modest suite in the Chateau Laurier while a housing proposal of federal aid to the west. Times perched through. At one point the aide who was stage-managing the interview had to usher one MP

through the door of the sitting room while another was dispatched through the bedroom. "You have to be careful with the ones who don't want others to know they've been here," he grunted.

But the "inner Mulroney" remains has yielded considerable gains. The candidate who could only manage to attract two MPs to his camp in 1976 now claims he has more than 20 on his side. Although most intent on removing themselves, his list of supporters includes three former leadership candidates and MPs in every province except New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and Quebec.



Blakey in Montreal just a pretty face?

The tactics in the interviews employed basic psychology. Mulroney tried to convince each MP that he considered him to be the most important person in caucus, at least during the brief conversations. "We all want to be loved," he said, explaining his approach. "We all want to be appreciated and to feel that our roles are heard." His listeners to add, however, that he also has policies and ideas to offer.

On the projected \$25-billion federal deficit: The way to cut it, he says, is to

bring in more tax revenue from a more vigorous business sector. And the way to bring about a healthier economy is to service Canadian and foreign investors that the government is committed to free enterprise.

On the testing of the cruise missile: He would be in favor if it involved trialing from the arms inventory taking in Europe—provided that such testing could improve the prospects for the sale of the missile.

On abortion: He says that it should be allowed in limited circumstances for compassionate reasons. It should not be a means of birth control.

On capital punishment: While he favors abolition of the death sentence, he would hold a few more in Parliament, and abide by the results. (According to most polls, this would mean reinstatement of the death penalty.)

Still, both Mulroney and his supporters know where his real strength lies: personal magnetism—not policy—will decide the leadership question, say some Mulroney supporters observed. "People have trouble being persuaded by good, solid administration—I think everybody wants a little sex appeal."

Like Mulroney, says Montrealer Blakey in one of his last interviews, another pretty face Blakey believes he has established his credentials to be running federally, and losing to Liberal Ron Blakey in Lachine. Despite being born and bred in Shawinigan, the fleetly bilingual Blakey is not preventing himself as a favorite son from Quebec, something that he could have trouble even winning a seat in a by-election there.

All of the known hopefuls are now in the race with one important exception—David. Key significance is that of the six delegates they will send to the Ottawa Civic Centre in June. If David does not at least list at his plans, he will miss a valuable opportunity to make sure his supporters have voting privileges at the convention.

Clark's workers, who feel they would be badly hurt—not just killed—by this, are giving every penny. Clark's entry should be to take his place in the race, he too will undoubtedly behave with extreme caution—hoping that anxiety will pay off in June on the Ottawa convention floor.

With Kerry Blakey in Vancouver, Anne Brown in Montreal, Michael Goss in St. John's, and John Lachance in Ottawa, Mulroney in New South and Peter Blakey in Regina.

First nations, first ministers

They represented only six per cent of the country's population, but the leaders of Canada's native peoples had finally arrived at the cold stone chamber of national negotiation in Ottawa's old Union Station. The traditional headwaters, the peace pipe ceremony and the prayer-chanting aboriginals hauntingly evoked scenes of past eras. But, after two intense days of televised talks, the arbitrators, determined representatives of 15 different people had stated their case for remedying time to their original ways. To be sure, they were anxious, because any benefits from their bargain with Prime Minister Trudeau and some provinces still lie in the unpredictable hands of white politicians. But it was

least seven provinces. But one change—the sexual equality clause—provoked immediate controversy and a transfer of standing. It declared that "aboriginal and treaty rights" will be "guaranteed equally to male and female persons," but it did not directly erase sexual discrimination from the Indian Act. Among other things, that set strips a woman of her formal Indian status if she marries a non-Indian, it does not as pose the same penalty on Indian men. Federal government lawyers insist that the general sexual equality provision in the Charter of Rights overrides the Indian Act and that the new clause adopted last week was unnecessary. But native women pressed for the new amendment to make their constitu-

tioned by sharing. Trudeau himself opened the Lord's Prayer. Justice Minister Mackenzie King actually arranged the final accord to close-door sessions with provincial attorneys general and native negotiators. The key meeting took place on the first evening of the conference, when MacGilligan jostled and pushed the provinces into a compromise. After 24 hours all but Quebec and Alberta had agreed to confirm future native rights conferences in the Constitution. Federal draftsmen then worked until 5 a.m., transcribing the official settlement into legal language, only to see it start to unravel around the television lights. At the urging of British Columbia's William Bennett, Trudeau wisely suspended argument over the accord and sent it back for repairs. To win agreement, MacGilligan bowed to pres-



Indian leader Alex Smead offers Trudeau's peace pipe. (From left) Trudeau, Smead and other leaders at the final accord—watching judges

also clear that they had obtained a better deal than they feared they might. Simply taking part in the conference was a victory of sorts. Said David Anderson of the Assembly of First Nations: "This is the first time in the history of our relationship that there is a constitutional process in which first nations have agreed."

In the conference, federal and provincial governments agreed to constitutional amendments that would provide future conferences on native rights, assure that aboriginal and treaty rights flow equally to men and women and engage native groups in federal-provincial talks on any future amendments affecting aboriginal interests. Only René Lévesque, who joined in the peace pipe ceremony, refused to sign as agreed, he said, would imply recognition of the Constitution Act itself.

The amendments must be approved by Parliament and the legislatures of at

least seven provinces.

Both in the televised sessions and in private bargaining, debate was intense and often frustrating. William Wilson of the Native Council of Canada said at one point that "as soon as we get down to something, there seems to be a strategy to keep something meaningful from taking place." On one side, the native groups, representing Inuit, Métis and Indians, struggled to win assent to aboriginal rights of self-government and to their sovereignty of land and resources. On the other side, most provinces related any commitments that might lead to concessions in future land claim settlements in the middle was Trudeau, striving for a compromise that would show the Constitution Act to be working well. But Trudeau did not always go in the same way. "Are you going to keep every meeting in public?" the prime minister snapped on the second morning. After the native people ar-

gued from Alberta, British Columbia and the Assembly of First Nations to drop a federally drafted list of principles for future talks. Alberta's Peter Lougheed, for one, had opposed a clause committing provinces to "openness to negotiate treaties" (or the equivalent) of aboriginal rights.

As Trudeau and nine provinces signed the accord one by one, Lévesque wisely wanted the native leaders to sign the "dampers of these rights shifts"—resolving the fight in November, 1981, when the Constitution Act was expeditiously signed. Quebec delegation said. Once again, Quebec had been locked outside a constitutional compromise. As for the other participants, the ambiguous outcome of the conference echoed Trudeau's own remark: "We're making progress, slowly."

—JOHN HAY
IN OTTAWA

The economy was the main course

Canada's 16 provincial premiers emerged into the damp March night, each with a different version of what had been served up by their host, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. With an evening of from their constitutional discussions with Canada's native groups, the premiers dined with Trudeau and chatted over the economy. A disappointed Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford left the table early because he feared immediate economic stimulus, while the talk centred more on the longer term. René Lévesque scurried about Quebec's lack of input into Ottawa's pending budget. Several premiers and they discussed making "structural changes" to the economy. It was left to Manitoba's Howard Pawley to sum up the obvious lesson from the night's attempt at nation-building: "There is no consistent policy approach at this point," he said as he left St. Boniface Drive.

While consistency may have taken a back seat to political expediency, the death of new initiatives from the night may have a positive side because of the uncertainty of politically motivated decisions about the economy. "The problem with government is timing," agrees John Ballach, the chairman of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business. "The problem is government spending reductions has time lags of six to 18 months. You have people in the opposition crying for action—and saying that action now is a policy. But it doesn't do anything."

Last week, at a press conference to announce the terms of Canada's annual report, one Ontario leader appeared to agree with Ballach when he urged Ottawa to hold the line on stabilizing the economy so that the much-needed recovery could take place. It was a strange story: "It's the corner" message, high-spending by an association of banks that inflation had fallen to a six-year low of 7.4 per cent. That proved that the tough monetarist policies of the past two years have worked, and Boney. The only difference between Ballach and Boney was that the banker holds the treasure of money while the economist holds the reins. Ballach has been seeking government return of 2,000 of his federation's 50,000 members.

And both men share the view that Ottawa has room to increase its deficit if it does not borrow the new and increase spending programs. That point was made by Prime Minister Marc Lalonde when he told a news conference last week next year's federal deficit would probably balloon to



Willard, before jailing dividends from a penny auction

The farmer who is eating again

Athirst farmer Allen Willard left a Stratford, Ont., jail last week, confident that his eight-day hunger strike finally spurred Parliament into action on farm bankruptcy legislation for which he and his 4,000-member Canadian Farmers' Bureau Association (CFBA) have been fighting. Willard gave up his fast—water and Tang only—last Wednesday when he learned that the Commons had gone south reading to Bill C-655, a private member's bill introduced by Liberal backbencher Ralph Gonsky, which would make a judge arbitrate between the banks and the farmers in an attempt to forestall foreclosures.

The 36-year-old CFBA president was arrested earlier this month at his Altonville, Ont., home on a charge of coming from a "peony auction" held at the Perth County farm of John Ott. At the Depression-style auction, more than \$100,000 worth of farm equipment was sold for only \$250. To prevent the Toronto Division Bank from seizing it, Willard refused to sign a release allowing himself to attend his court appearance, he was jailed. He then announced his hunger strike. During the eight days, he lost about seven pounds from his 160-lb frame. But it was worth it. The protest sparked intense lobbying in Ottawa, demonstrations outside the jail and hundreds of telephone calls of support from farmers and sympathizers across Canada. Even the Ontario Conference of Catholic Bishops, which met in Toronto last week, took up the cause. The bishops and members of the Prime Minister's Free Trade and several ministers urging speedy passage of Bill C-655.

When Willard walked out of the yel-

low-brick Stratford County jail, pending a preliminary hearing in late June, he went home to his wife and five children, had a bowl of chicken soup and took off on a speaking tour of the West. There, he will run into opposition from the Canadian Cattlemen's Association, which claims that the bill will hurt agriculture by reducing the pool of farm financing. That opinion was soundly rejected by federal Minister Nelson King, who called the beef farmers "the agricultural backbone of the banks."

The crisis, born in the depressed beef cattle country around Owen Sound, Ont., has been spreading like wildfire and dislodged to farmers for more than a year. There have been heated demonstrations in Ottawa and at Toronto's Queen's Park. Roadblocks went up at the Ontario Food Terminal in Etobicoke to enlist support from truckers. Ryanshoppers staged "guilt dinners" at foreclosed farms to prevent banks from seizing assets, then had backyard sales and soup kitchens. Such tactics have angered banks and other established institutions. Last week the Canadian Bankers Association declared that passage of Bill C-655 would prompt lenders to "exercise additional cautions in advancing credit." But the crisis has found an ear in a province where as many as 300 farmers will lose their bankruptcy this year, compared to 170 last year. Ferguson, the originator of the bill, hopes that it will be enacted before the end of March.

As for life in jail, Willard said it was a debilitating yet not a growing experience. "One of my cellmates was all for the hunger strike, but another—I had wanted to know as if he could have my dinner?" —KIM DICKSON in Toronto

more than \$50 billion. For Labadie, the culprit is not more government spending but reduced tax revenues because of the recession. When Labadie's statements reached the markets, the Canadian dollar sagged slightly. But world money markets seem prepared to take at face value Labadie's assurance that any stimulus in his budget, expected in mid-April, will be mild. "The danger of excessive stimulation," says Bellock, "is that it sends signals to investors, internationally and at home, that the government is not going to maintain a long-term concern about inflation."

That message is clear to the ears of the long-suffering Boney. The bank's annual report also contained noticeably tentative pessimistic statements from a man not usually given to emotional excess. In his opening statement Boney said that "things will not go very well until [there is] strengthening of confidence in national currencies. Confidence in money was slow to ebb and should not be expected to recover easily." Boney argued that the old trade-off between inflation and unemployment had been rendered invalid by what he termed the "Great Inflation of the 1970s." That was Boney's way of denigrating the traditional Keynesian formula. That governments can pump money into the economy and expect new jobs to be created as a result. Governments might once have been able to spend their way through recessions "when confidence in the future value of money was high," Boney declared, "but those days are past."

Now renewed government spending would likely send the dollar tumbling. It would also further depress the business which has kept the finance minister favored resident in his three months of consultation with them.

While they may have been waving to home audiences as they left their dinner with Trudeau, the premiers have so far followed Boney's line and have not succumbed to "spend now" pressure from politicians back home. The Bank of Canada report reinforced their commitment to call for stimulus by Ottawa while keeping the lid on at home. Newfoundland's budget, for example, brought down two days after Peckford called for federal stimulus, kept job creation to a bare minimum. Laverneau who introduced a small job creation program but granted it would not increase his deficit.

For his part, Boney had a warning for all politicians: "People tend to believe more what they see than what governments and central banks say they're doing," Boney declared. And if any income could be leached from 1980, that would be the size most worth considering.

—LAN ANDERSON in Ottawa

The Playhouse is the thing



Georgetown theatre before the first sympathy strike by its operators.

Georgetown is a hard-luck town in Atlantic Canada. At the entrance to the little community overlooking the eastern reaches of Northumberland Strait asserts no claim. THE INDUSTRIAL CENTRE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. But the message is more useful than real for the town of 750 people. In a kind of reverse Madia touch, every plan for Georgetown's prosperity seems to turn from gold to dross. Two years ago the fish-processing plant closed down, eliminating jobs for more than 400 people. Despite repeated government efforts, there seems little chance that it will reopen in the near future. The other major employer, Georgetown Shipped, the scene of a financial scandal in the 1960s that ended in a provincial government takeover, limps along on small contracts with frequent layoffs and uncertain prospects. Mayor Charles MacNeil, himself one of the 100 workers at the shipyard, proposed last fall to give away town-owned lots to anyone willing to build a house or business in a desperate attempt to stimulate activity in a town where unemployment is running at about 30 per cent.

Amid the general depression, one of the few sources of community pride was the Kings Playhouse. The 36-year-old wooden structure has for the past two years been the base of summer stock companies that have provided welcome tourist dollars. Ambitious plans for expanding the facilities at the 300-seat theatre, built when Georgetown was a thriving resort, were close to fruition when the town took yet another blow late last month. During the worst storm of the winter a fire burned the Kings Playhouse to the ground, an irreplaceable treasure badly wounded.

But instead of accepting the setback

in despair, the citizens of Georgetown, led by Ben Muir, who is on the board of the theatre foundation and a tireless community promoter, decided to fight back. Shortly after the blaze Muir and her committee launched plans to rebuild on the same site. Local residents and other friends rallied to the cause. Only two days after the fire, Muir had received nearly 50 telephone calls offering help. Since then letters containing unsolicited funds have continued to pour in. In all, the restoration drive had raised \$2,300 by last week.

Noting the "fantastic" response, Muir said, "I call them sympathy cards, because losing the theatre was just like having a death in the family." Further relief is in sight. Next month a Charlottetown radio station plans a special phone-in show to raise more money, and numerous volunteers are expected to pitch in when the rebuilding actually starts this summer. In fact, the only controversy that is likely to arise is a dispute over the design of the new theatre. Many local people, who fondly recall receiving their school diplomas at its stage and remember about as much pleasure by Muir's in his early career—they even claim to remember a performance by Sarah Bernhardt—want an exact replica of the old, 18-manoeuvre revival structure. "But they never had to work in the theatre," Muir says. In fact, the old theatre's very shape, lack of rehearsal space and makeshift dressing rooms were the danger of the entire company. Muir is underlined by the debate indeed, she is determined to have Prince Charles lay the cornerstone of the new building when he visits Prince Edward Island with the Princess of Wales this summer. "even if a reconstruction is all there is."

—RICHARD WILKIN in Charlottetown

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A widening credibility gap

As is often the case in official Washington, the time of the hammer in correlation to a key to the current mood of the administration. One of the most popular, if bitter, jokes begins with a question, "How can you tell when the president wants you to resign?" The answer: "As soon as he declares full confidence in your performance." For nervous White House aides the president's words became a double-edged sword. Several senior officials have resigned recently early hours, or days, after President Ronald Reagan affirmed his loyalty to them. Last week Deputy National Security Assistant Thomas Read, vice-chairman of the special committee on human rights, became the latest adviser to quit that almost. A New York federal grand jury is currently investigating a 1981 stock transaction in which Read purchased a \$250 investment in AmeriSec options into a quick \$450,000 profit in stock options of the mining company. The chairman of Exchange Commission (SEC) concluded that Read had traded on inside information—his father is an AmeriSec director—and ordered him to sue his profit to repay investor claims. Reagan expressed "full confidence" in Read's resignation, that he will leave the White House when the SEC conviction releases his recommendations next month.

In addition to unsettling the White House staff, Read's announced departure has opened the administration's efforts to preserve the credibility of its arms control policies. Now, critics asked, could a man who evidently floated SAC rules be treated with top secret data on the nation's nuclear capability? Not only that, but on Capitol Hill the House of Representatives moved closer to endorsing a nuclear freeze resolution—its passage is expected after Easter. And Senate confirmation for Kenneth Adelman to head the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (ACDA) remained in jeopardy. Meanwhile, influential Republican Senator Charles Percy added his powerful support to a lobby urging Washington to seek an interim solution with Moscow as the planned deployment of intermediate-range weapons in Europe.

The House resolution—similar to one introduced by only two other congressmen—Washington to negotiate with Moscow a mutual and verifiable freeze on the production, testing and deployment of nuclear weapons. It is not binding on the president and it specifically rules out a unilateral U.S. freeze.

But, as it moves that 286 congressmen clearly hope, the resolution will have a symbolic importance persuading NATO allies—and millions of Americans—that Washington seriously wants an arms control agreement. At the same



Activist demonstrators jeopordy

time, it effectively undermines the Pentagon's attempt to moderate the U.S. nuclear deterrent. The military claims that Moscow is leading in the missile race, but the freeze concept is based on the belief that the rate of the superpower armaments is roughly equal.

Reagan is continuing to press for the Adelman nomination, despite the Senate foreign relations committee's rec-

ommendation against it. Still, the most serious obstacles arise from a memo to Adelman, in his capacity as ACDA chief-designate, apparently written by aides to Gen Richard Cheney, the chief U.S. strategic arms negotiator in Geneva. The document expresses more than a dozen staffers at ACDA and in the nuclear arms limitation talks. It describes most of them as being defeated in convincing their lawmakers it is critical of their waiting an arms agreement at any price. The clear implication of the memorandum is that Adelman intended to conduct a thorough housecleaning, although he expressly denied during testimony to the foreign relations committee that he has ever considered it.

But it is on the vital issue of cruise and Pershing II missile deployment in Europe that the administration is facing its most intense political and diplomatic pressure. Recently, most European governments have all met publicly that the administration should formally drop its zero-option proposal—no NATO deployment if Moscow dismantles all of its 600 intermediate-range weapons. The NATO allies believe that an interim solution, allowing each side to deploy a limited number of the new missiles, should be negotiated.

Such a proposal was discussed by officials of the state department last week. But the White House has not yet decided to abandon the zero option. Hardliners within the administration argue that Moscow will only negotiate seriously after NATO deployment begins as planned later this year. Others, including U.S. intermediate nuclear force negotiator Paul Nitze, regard the zero option as a worthy but unattainable goal.

For its part, the Soviet Union will continue to lobby aggressively against deployment. Gennadiy Arbatov, an associate of Soviet leader Yuri Andropov, wrote in Pravda last week that if NATO proceeds with its planned deployment, Moscow will respond by violating several of the terms of the SALT II. But before the meeting begins, Congress must approve an additional \$110 million in military aid for the 1980 fiscal year and another \$67 million in economic assistance on top of the \$266.8 million already cleared. And Representative Clarence Long (D-Mt.) for whom, some assert is crucial because Congress must pass a chairman of the House appropriations subcommittee on foreign relations, says that he is still not convinced that

the administration's credibility gap widens any further.

—MICHAEL FORSTER in Washington.

EL SALVADOR

Washington takes the initiative

Above the rubble-strewn streets of San Salvador, the Stars and Stripes fluttered last week from a pole next to the flag of El Salvador. Refugee laborers worked to repair the devastation that resulted when government troops retook the city from Salvadoran rebels after a series of deadly skirmishes. At the same time, posters bearing the red, white and blue insignia of the U.S. state department's Agency for International Development (AID) reminded local residents that Washington is financing a \$400,000 pilot project to rebuild San Salvador. The program, designed by the Americans but controlled by the government of President Alfonso Aguilar, is part of a major new attempt to win the confidence of civilians. Not that task will be easy. "First, the Americans and the money for planes to help us," a 19-year-old San Salvador woman complained. "Then they used the money to reconstruct. We have every kind of plague here."

The reconstruction of San Salvador is only the first step in Washington's latest pacification initiative in Central America. The program includes a commitment of the U.S. Civil Operations and Rural Development Support (CORDS) in Vietnam—an effort to break guerrilla influence decisively. If Congress agrees to provide the remaining funding for the undertaking, the plan will be implemented in several stages. U.S.-trained Salvadoran troops will launch concentrated attacks on rebel strongholds, particularly in the strategic province of San Vicente, as well as in Usulután, where San Salvador is located. Then AID and its Salvadoran counterpart, the Salvadoran National Commission for Regional Restoration, will fund public works projects to bolster civilian trust in the Aguilar government. And, to ensure that the guerrillas do not slip back into cleared regions, civil defense forces will be charged with mobilizing effective community organizations.

Administration officials contend that the plan will stop an alarming four-month series of rebel advances, including the unprecedented seizure in January of the town of San Salvador. But before the mission begins, Congress must approve an additional \$110 million in military aid for the 1980 fiscal year and another \$67 million in economic assistance on top of the \$266.8 million already cleared. And Representative Clarence Long (D-Mt.) for whom, some assert is crucial because Congress must pass a chairman of the House appropriations subcommittee on foreign relations, says that he is still not convinced that

the planned measures will produce peace. President Ronald Reagan refused to pursue negotiations with the guerrillas until after the Salvadoran election next December, and Long has threatened to not further assistance unless the talks start soon. San Salvador. "The administration has to understand that without a broad-based political solution, they're not going to get the money. I'm not going to support throwing money down a bigger and bigger rathole."

The U.S. experience in Vietnam has left many Americans wary of increasing the country's involvement in El Sal-



U.S. military adviser with Salvadoran soldier attacks

ador. And the numerous similarities between the Salvadoran program and its predecessor, CORDS, do not end with comparisons of the military and economic aid. Perhaps the most striking similarity is that the U.S. military advisers currently operating in El Salvador served once as peace brokers in Vietnam. But administration spokesmen strongly defended the new initiative last week. In an angry appearance before a Senate foreign relations subcommittee, Undersecretary of De-

partmental Affairs said that the U.S. was not "refusing" to help those who want to build up democracy in El Salvador and other Central American countries. "For the last 10 years," he said, "the U.S. has been the consistent secretary for inter-American affairs. Thomas Enders, declared, "If El Salvador fails, no country in Central America will be safe."

Some critics of the Reagan administration's new role in El Salvador argue that the CORDS program in Vietnam—which is generally considered to have been a success—encountered problems because of weak management and corruption on the part of Vietnamese officials. Those same difficulties, the critics contend, may arise in El Salvador. Still, the U.S. ambassador in San Salvador, Deane R. Hinton, says that "The [Vietnam] doctrine of how you deal with

these insurgents is applicable with some variations elsewhere." But even Berlin's major, Santiago Yankel Helmer, a member of the right-wing Alliance Republicans Nationalists party, expressed concern that corruption will eat away much of the U.S. AID funds intended for his city. San Yankel. "The least start at the central nervous bank and get passed down. If by the time everyone gets his cut, who knows what will be left?"

In addition, even if Washington can overcome domestic opposition to the program and ensure that the funds are administered properly, it may still fail to win Salvadoran confidence. In the past both rescue sweeps by troops and the use of civil defense patrols, like the armed forces, have been criticized for human rights abuses. Despite that, the government's support for human rights arose again last week when the president of the El Salvador Human Rights Commission, Mauricio García Villán, was slain near San Salvador. The defense ministry said the man was killed in cross fire. But the commission declared that she had been murdered by government-linked forces.

Meanwhile, the proposed pacification scheme demands "with us or against us" commitment from civilians, a deal that could lead to a new phase of fear in San Salvador and El Salvador generally.

—ANDREW KILGORE in San Salvador



Prime Minister Botha (center), Trepoort (right), threats to apartheid reforms

SOUTH AFRICA

Challenging the ultra right

It was the kind of challenge that parliamentarians often turn into a heated debate. When South African Minister of Defense Botha engaged his unit after dinner on a dimly lit night to do the same—a test of popularity in side-by-side by-elections—he set in motion a potentially explosive chain of events. Botha, a member of the governing National Party, issued his provocative challenge to Andries Trepoort, leader of the breakaway Conservative Party—and Trepoort promptly accepted. Relations between the government and Trepoort's 17 dissenting nationalist MPs have been acrimonious ever since. Trepoort led a revolt last year against Prime Minister P. W. Botha's modest attempts to reform the country's apartheid system. Then, late last month, in an angry parliamentary exchange over an otherwise trivial debate, the newspaper columnist said to Trepoort, "I will resign my seat if you resign yours." Now the two men are fighting for their political survival—Botha in his September riding in traditionally conservative southern Transvaal, Trepoort next door in his riding of Waterberg. Commented the African newspaper *the Star*: "It's like a game of Russian roulette. Someone has to get killed."

The contests are close-fought and passionate. Fights have broken out at meetings, and both parties have set

their best campaigns into the ridings. The reason for the heated nature of the recent contest for Botha would seriously weaken the government and perhaps force Prime Minister Botha to shelve his plans to give a measure of parliamentary representation to South Africa's coloreds (people of mixed race) and Asian ethnic groups, but not to the black majority who will still be made citizens of the various tribal homelands, the *tribes*, in creating around the country. On the other hand, observers say that, if Trepoort loses, the defeat may destroy his political fortunes and those of his breakaway party.

Both the timing of the votes—still seven weeks away—and the prevailing mood in the Transvaal region, where the contests are being fought, favor the Conservatives. Indeed, the prime minister recently said that he will not call an early election. The next one is due in 1986—because it would jeopardize his efforts to deal with the nation's economic difficulties. Party

leaders say that he is dubious that his maneuvers involved the government in by-elections. "It was entirely unplanned," said another cabinet member. "Prime Minister Botha's sickness" had a rash of blood to the head, and we were stuck with it."

The site of the by-election is ideal for Trepoort. A former Afrikaner supremacist is deeply rooted in the Transvaal, and Botha's riding is located on the border of so-called "colored" territory. Zimshel, a journalist that has toughened the hard-line attitudes of whites in the riding. Not only that, but the two constituencies are in a farming area that is suffering through its worst drought in the worst drought of the century in the midst of the country's deepest recession since the 1930s.

Still, Trepoort has encountered at least one setback so far. When the by-election date was announced, the Conservative leader seemed to form a local alliance with the even more right-wing Herstigte Nasionale Party (HNP) in an attempt to keep the far-right white nationalist leader Jaap Marais without his candidate from Botha's riding. "I want to see Prime Minister Botha in the dust," he said. But the HNP chief refused to leave the race in Waterberg clear for Trepoort.

Meanwhile, a third surprising event in the main events will take place in a riding in the South African capital, Pretoria.

Facing down his original challenge, Botha included a third Conservative MP, Thomas Langley, in his drive. Langley, too, accepted. But if he loses, it will not be to the nationalists. With the right-wing vote split between the government and the Conservatives, the independent Progressive Federal Party, which has been making significant gains at the municipal and national levels, might snatch a victory. It is, in fact, the only party that may emerge at the congressional elections of Botha's cabinet.

—ALLISTON SPANISH in Johannesburg



AUSTRIA

How did Prince Rudolf die?

In the annals of star-crossed love, the tale of the deadly pact between Austrian Crown Prince Rudolf and his mistress, Baroness Mary Vetsera, made second only to that of Helene and Edward. The couple's doomed romance, which ended in a double shooting at the fairy-tale hunting lodge of Mayerling in 1889, has been dramatized by many historians. It has also been the subject of several films. The latest, in 1989, starred Omar Sharif as the dashing young heir to the Hapsburg throne. But last week a new film was added to the legend. Former Austrian emperor Otto declared that the story of a murder pact is a false one. What really happened at Mayerling, the 80-year-old Otto alleged, was murder.

Stia, the widow of the last Hapsburg emperor, Emperor Karl, claimed that Rudolf and his mistress were assassinated by two conspirators after he refused to take part in a plot to oust his father, Prince Josef, and because he threatened to reveal the intrigue. The theory is not unreasonable. Rudolf harbored republican sympathies and, under a pseudonym, he wrote newspaper articles condemning his father's imperial policies. But Viennese academics last week dismissed the theory as court gossip.

The fact remains, however, that almost every piece of evidence on the deaths has mysteriously disappeared from archives. At the same time, Stia claimed that she knows the names of the men responsible for the murders and she says that she will release them when experts have analyzed the material in her possession.

Stia is indeed a legend herself. Because she refused to renounce her claim to the Hapsburg throne, Austrian authorities forced her to remain in exile for 40 years until last year, when she made three short, private visits to her homeland.

Some critics speculated that Stia's allegations were simply her way of attracting attention. But one historical fact was undeniable: Rudolf's death resulted in the renunciation of his crown. Archduke Franz Ferdinand, as heir to the throne. The archduke's assassination in 1914 sparked the First World War and swept away the interlocking monarchies of Central Europe. Whether Rudolf's death was suicide or murder, the shots that rang out 94 years ago in the Viennese woods changed forever the course of European history.

—SUE MANNING in Vienna

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New York parade grand marshal Flannery (in top hat) 'We robbing soft is a wound'

THE UNITED STATES

Bitter rain on St. Pat's parade

When IRA advocate Michael Flannery was selected as grand marshal of last week's St. Patrick's Day extravaganza in New York City, the outcry from Irish and non-Irish Americans alike was deafening. The 31-year-old Flannery is a co-founder of the Irish Northern Aid Committee, a fund-raising group that has been accused of funneling an estimated \$250,000 a year into the illegal purchase of arms for the provisional wing of the IRA. Last November he was acquitted on gun-running charges after lawyers convinced a jury that the outspoken Irish nationalist must have believed that the CIA had sanctioned his activities. For its part, the agency has since denied any knowledge of such a scheme, and even some staunch members of the Irish community considered the court's verdict to be less a tribute to logic than to the weakness of the evidence mounted by the prosecution.

Many had trouble, too, over last week's parade. While New York City Mayor Edward Koch and state Gov. Mario Cuomo stood up the traditional given line in the pages of Irish America, other politicians and officials were careful to disassociate themselves from IRA activities. And the state's two most prominent Irish officials, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and former governor Hugh Carey, pointedly boycotted the festivities along with diplomats from the Irish republic. Not only that, but the Pentagon banned federal troops from marching, and more than 150 parish priests' heads refused to participate.

New York's Times Square Cardinal Coyle, who traditionally reviews the parade, pointedly waived for Flannery to pass before emerging from St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the Irish airline, Aer Lingus, dropped its longtime sponsorship of the five-hour live telecast of the proceedings. Wounded Irish Prime Minister Garret FitzGerald "Why is a supporter of these terrorists leading the parade?"

It was a question that for many members of the Irish community went well beyond the circumstances of the march itself. Said Anne O'Brien, a Bostonian who returned home without viewing the parade "I couldn't condone the violence. It is like robbing soft is a wound." But Jack Thornton, editor of the Irish Echo, a newspaper which serves a strongly traditional first-generation neighborhood in New York, had a different view. "People saw that trying to solve the Irish problem by nonviolence simply wasn't going anywhere," he said. "Flannery's selection was an attempt to get that message out."

Wrapped in the rhetoric that has sustained the republican cause, Flannery himself was not disturbed by the controversy. He denounced President Ronald Reagan for "kowtowing to the murderous British Queen." Then he declared that the parade had turned into "a wonderful unifying experience behind Irish independence." And yet, 8,000 km. away and only hours earlier, on the rocket attack seriously wounded a British soldier in Belfast.

—RITA CHRISTOPHER in New York

New austerity for the Saudis

By Robin Wright

The tale was so well known abroad in black veils worn around a child's face, looking at the sea (market) in Jiddah, looking for the best buys. Across town the local manager of a European airline recalled that his Saudi client, which could routinely book first-class seats, now bargains for economy fares. Elsewhere, the legendary neo "conservative," whose wealthy Saudis were charged since with even the smallest glitch, has given way to a new market in spare parts and second-hand cars. Throughout the land, the signs of the slide in world oil prices are clear. After a decade of an unprecedented boom in world economic history, Saudi Arabia is beginning to feel the crunch. Says a resident European businessman: "You can almost hear the bells tightening."

That need for restraint became all the more apparent last week when a crisis meeting of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries finally came to an agreement after 18 days of sometimes bitter negotiations. Not only did the group negotiate its first price cut—a \$8 a barrel drop to \$26 (U.S.)—but, for the first time, it also set production quotas. Still, the deal appeared increasingly fragile last week as Iranian officials repudiated it. That development, and the prospect that non-OPEC producers would add to the cartel's pain, meant that a price war could not be ruled out. In fact, as soon as the deal was announced, many observers said that the price cut was inadequate and the quota—175 million barrels a day for all of 1980—too high. The Saudis have been given a quota of five million barrels a day, but they are still only able to sell at \$25 million. What is more, under the new agreement Saudi Arabia will act as a "swing producer," taking care to keep total OPEC production at its new limits. But despite the cost of

the cuts to the Saudis at a staggering \$500 million a day. The prospect is that OPEC's dominant member may well have to dip into the estimated \$150 billion it has deposited in U.S. and European banks while it waits for the return of a seller's market.

Still, many Saudis are sanguine. As one government official put it: "The shock therapy might not be a bad thing. After all, the Kowen says, 'You might hate something that is good for you.'"

Indeed, in the Persian Gulf states Western executives, diplomats and Saudi businessmen largely agree that the forced austerity is not necessarily a

and foreign investment than any other developing country. But the Saudis are bracing for an unprecedented level of austerity. Among the first items to be slashed are plans for new petrochemical plants, plastics or metal industries and major construction projects—just the kind of development designed for long-term economic stability. In the process, the demand for foreign contractors, shippers and consultants is expected to wither. At a gathering of Saudi businessmen last week, Planning Minister Rikaban Nasser told his listeners that they will now become "a real partner in the development of the country." As one



Oil-carcaution in Riyadh: as world oil prices sink, Saudi Arabia is beginning to feel the pinch

businessman told *Arabian*'s following the meeting: "In the past there were few solid Saudi businessmen, now there are many. It will be the outsiders who feel the crunch first."

In addition, the estimated three million foreign workers in Saudi Arabia may also feel the pinch, particularly the Amman, who hold blue-collar jobs. One Western commercial attaché suggested that roughly 15 per cent of the foreign work force will be cut over the next 18 months. He noted that Amman has already stopped recruiting and is now beginning to cut back staff.

Although it will be months before the full impact of falling oil prices on the

other Gulf states will become clear, major adjustments are certain. Indeed, the United Arab Emirates may soon lose its status as one of the few tax-free emirates in the world. Last week a U.A.E. finance official revealed that, although it was unlikely that taxes would be brought in this year, the government was considering imposing them in the future.

For its part, Kuwait has tried to cushion the blow of falling crude prices and production by expanding its oil industry to include refining and marketing. It recently bought two Gulf Oil Corp. refineries and Gulf service station networks in Europe. In addition, Kuwait benefits from having invested its oil wealth so wisely last year: its investment income exceeded oil revenues, which totalled \$7 billion, for the first time.

Overall, the slumping demand for oil has not brought panic to the Arabian peninsula. Indeed, observers in the region predict that the West may eventually suffer from what now appears to be a world oil



King Fahd (foreground, right), 'you can almost hear the bells tightening'

war. Other experts fear that lower prices could also undermine progress the West has made on conservation and alternative energy programs. A price drop below \$25 a barrel would make energy exploration and alternative proposals such as the Alberta tar sands—economically impractical.

But in the short term the West can look forward to lower inflation and greater economic growth. Analysts in

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The debate over a Canadian price

While OPEC may have reached an energy truce on lower oil prices last week, in Canada federal-provincial showdowns over domestic pricing policy will enter way. For now, energy exchanges have been avoided, since the politicians have at least three months before any decision must be made on whether or not to lower the Canadian price to match the realities of world oil. (Under the 1981 energy agreement, Ottawa and Edmonton agreed that prices would be adjusted only twice a year, on Jan. 1 and July 1.) But, as the recent review takes shape, a showdown between Ottawa and the oil-producing provinces is a distinct possibility.

With the new OPEC bench-mark price set at \$20 (U.S.) last week, the Canadian price for "oil"—discounted before 1981—would have to be cut about \$8 a barrel to keep it at 75 per cent of the world price, as the energy agreement stipulates. The rollback is necessary even though Energy Minister Jean Charest has announced that a scheduled July 1 increase of \$8 a barrel will not be implemented. On the other hand, Alberta and Saskatchewan argue that there is no provision for a price cut.

With many analysts predicting a further drop in oil prices this year, there is a strong chance that Ottawa's energy dilemma will grow. In the meantime, Ottawa can appear as a reluctant accessory to benefit from falling oil prices. The "Canadian ownership charge" of \$1.35 a barrel, which consumers paid to finance Petro-Canada's takeover of Petrolia Canada Ltd., is due to end next month if it does, that would cost energy use a little less than gasoline prices in the pump, unless Ottawa extends it for another seven months to finance the bailout of Dome Petroleum Ltd. Cutting the ownership charge would also eliminate about 18 cents per thousand cubic feet from the cost of natural gas, which Ottawa has pledged to keep at 65 per cent of the oil price.

But such measures are short-term expedients. With no oil policy rapidly unraveling, Ottawa can only hope that in the near future a world economic recovery will bring a rise in oil's new fragile price.

—JAN. 1980
in Ottawa

The plunge in Saudi oil output

Since October 1979, Saudi oil production has fallen 40 per cent.



the oil price cut will reduce U.S. inflation by 8 per cent and spur growth by 8 per cent in 1982. Similarly, European Community officials welcomed the price drop, and Japan announced that the fall in import costs would save it about \$6.7 billion a year. In Canada the benefits remained uncertain because of a federal-provincial dispute over passing policy.

What is more, it appears likely that oil prices will drop further in the coming months. For one thing, there is concern that many of OPEC's members—especially those bedeviled by debt and desperate for cash to support their large populations—will ignore their quotas. Saudi and Iranian oil men "There is too much incentive for cheating. The Gulf states will probably wobble with it, but Iran, Libya and Nigeria have a record for breaking either price or production levels."

There is also the danger of a price war sparked by non-OPEC producers. Some of these nations are seeing the oil crisis. Last week Mexico dropped its price to match the world's level, a move that will cost it \$1.2 billion in revenues this year, according to the government. But there was considerable uncertainty over the Soviet Union's reaction, especially since it dropped its prices by \$2 (to \$28) a barrel last week. The Soviet Union, which pumps 12 million barrels a day and is the world's largest single producer, relies on oil for as much as 60 per cent of its earnings from trade with the West. Already, the Soviet Union has increasing volumes of oil sent to the Western markets, and observers say that it has been going for just over \$27 a barrel at dockside on the Rotterdam spot market.

At the same time, many OPEC states are seeing worried glances at the British producers. Speculation mounted last week that the price of high-grade North Sea oil would be dropped from \$30.50 a barrel to the \$28 range in order to undercut Nigeria's \$30-a-barrel price. In that event, the prospect was that Saudi Arabia would reply with a price cut of its own. Saudi Prince Talal bin Abdul Aziz al-Saud, brother of the Brunei King Fahd, "is not relaxed. My personal opinion is that there will be a war of prices."

But, when the members of OPEC met in London earlier this week, Saudi Arabia's ambassadorial minister, Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani, expressed optimism: "We have strong hopes and strong intentions that everybody, this time, knows business." But an oilman in the audience put it more bluntly: "The only way to win is to win or to lose full stop." The Saudis are holding their breath on this one.

With reports from Moscow and Kuwait.



Highway repair in Iowa: 'a nice way of saying it's impossible for Canadians to qualify'

A trade barrier set in concrete

When California Congressman Glenn Anderson introduced the tentatively named Surface Transportation Assistance Act to the 96th Congress last April, Canadian oil and cement companies were briefly optimistic. They concluded that the legislation, aimed at helping gas taxes to pay for road, highway and transit system repairs, would spark a boom in cement exports to the lucrative U.S. market. But the early hopes were dashed when the would-be Gas Tax Act took a conspicuous turn for the worse in December when Congress added a "Buy American" clause to the legislation, and that new threshold to cut Canadian exports permanently. With the bill due to take effect on April 1, Canadian firms have stopped up a desperate lobbying effort in Ottawa and Washington, and their U.S. counterparts have accused the Canadians of unfair trading practices.

Under the legislation only U.S.-made cement can be used in federally funded projects in the United States—unless buying domestically produced supplies would raise the cost of a construction project by 25 per cent. The stakes for the huge Canadian producers who dominate the market are high (since companies make 75 per cent of Canadian cement). Overall, the industry stands to lose a sizable portion of exports which totalled nearly \$70 million in 1982, 39 per cent of total Canadian production. Twenty states buy Canadian cement, and New York states can use it for 40 per cent of its road construction. "The 20 per cent provision is just a nice way of saying it's impossible for Canadians to qualify," says John Fowler, president of

Toronto's Lake Ontario Cement Ltd., who estimates that the legislation will cost his company about \$6 million a year in sales.

Not surprisingly, U.S. congressmen welcome the protectionist legislation with open arms. Indeed, with 3,000 of the 35,000 authorized cement workers in the United States laid off and 1982 sales down 10 per cent from 1981, pressure had been mounting on Congress to adopt the trade barrier. In addition, the U.S. congressmen allege that they have been the victims of Canadian dumping. Says Jack Gordon, president of Atlantic Cement Inc., based in Stamford, Conn.: "We have had a certain amount of problems with Canadians changing their export production rate the United States. Jack Gordon points out that Canadian export sales for \$70 to \$80 per tonne in Canada and about \$30 less per tonne in the United States. Still, some U.S. construction firms fear that the provision will lead to supply shortages and price increases because U.S. cement plants cannot meet their demands.

In a bid to have the law rescinded, Canadian firms have launched intense lobbying efforts in Washington. But the prospects for overturning the thorny "Buy American" clause are not good. As one state department official observed, President Ronald Reagan was determined to derail the protectionist clause before the bill was passed, but he eventually signed the legislation rather than forfeit its job creation measures. What is more, such overregulation in the United States at a gradually high 100 per cent, Congress is expected to hold tenaciously to its protectionist line.

—CAROL BETHAN in Toronto

BUSINESS WATCH

Behind the polished profile

By Peter C. Newman

Because of his push-button smile and the lion's-air reassurance of his voice, Brian Mulroney, who declared himself a centrist for the Tory leadership this week, has seldom been considered a serious political thinker.

Those who have vaguely followed his career—from electrician's son in Bala, Ontario to gold-spurred member of the Montreal establishment—have usually dismissed his ideological stance as Mount Royal Club chic. Because he moved so easily through Canada's cherished chambers of corporate power, style has been mistaken for substance.

But behind the fairly tamed tan, the unadorned collar and the Glen open, there still lurks the small-town boy who grew up without money or privilege.

Mulroney rebel and reactionary, he is less opportunistic than progressive and probably comes as close as anyone to personifying his party's label as a Progressive Conservative.

Mulroney's personal philosophy has come out of the crucible of the three most influential experiences of his life: growing up in the God-awful economic climate of Quebec's North Shore, attending St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, N.S., and being a member of the royal commission on labor problems in Quebec's construction industry in the early 1970s. Mulroney's youth was dominated by his father's lifelong need to hold down two jobs to make ends meet. The family managed to get holiday each year, a trip to Quebec City in the Mulroney's 1950s Pontiac. "We would leave at four in the morning—my parents, the six children, the dog, 14 suitcases and a six-pack," he recalls. "To begin a road race over exposed roads to catch the ferry at Berthier, followed by hours of waiting to catch the ferry at Lake St. Catherine, the children crying, the dog barking, my father grunting his teeth, and my mother in the back seat saying the beads for the third time."

When he signed up as a priest student at St. Francis Xavier, he came under the influence of the conservative teachings of Monsignor Cooley, who instilled the notion that an active social conscience is life's highest goal. Mulroney remembers particularly a Cooley lecture in which the cleric described the ideal profession: "We want to be like the sun and the depth of the sea.

We want them to explore the beauty of William of Ockham. We want them to be eager to discover and develop their capacities for creation..."

Whatever musings were left in Mulroney's soul evaporated during the 164 days he spent as a Quebec royal commissioner. Along with Robert Chabot, a former Liberal lawyer who had turned into a New Democrat, and Guy Chevrette, a farmer's son from Joliette, he was charged with drawing up

being paid to widows of deceased employees. When he closed down the company's idyllic operations earlier this year, he allocated \$10 million to alleviate the shock to the community, even though declining royalties meant that there were only 167 full-time employees left to be laid off.

The son of a Quebec expatriate has made Mulroney a confirmed advocate of self-sufficiency and a sworn enemy of the assured handout. "There are no fancy-gente heroes any more with elegant theories and magic wands," he contends. "Spent, overworked and harassed businessmen, labor leaders and ordinary Canadians who get their hands dirty every day dealing with the pedestrian problems of providing jobs, meeting payrolls and producing products—only to come home at night to learn on TV that some brave new social artist has invented another government plan that will add to costs, increase paperwork and lessen competitiveness."

He is opposed to "the Swedenization of Canada," proposing instead "a dimension of tenderness, the moral responsibility of government to demonstrate care for the needy and assistance for the disadvantaged."

He wants to reactivate the economy by raising productivity, eliminating the interest-subsidized activity programs on corporate takeovers and allowing municipalities to issue low first bonds. Mulroney is not a knee-jerk Liberal-hater and in fact has dined more frequently at St. James' Place with Pierre Trudeau than with Joe Clark. But he attacks the Liberals for fostering dysfunction and ineptness. "There was a time," he says, "when many Canadians looked at Pierre Trudeau's penchant for confrontation as a kind of political theatre. We may still think that four hours of Napoleon vs. Knappe makes a good movie, but we know now that 14 years of Trudeau in everyone else makes less good government."

Provided that Mulroney can attract some grasp political advisers instead of the Westminster peopled who ran his last campaign, he could become leader. Even prime minister.

The most intriguing issue raised by the Mulroney candidacy is what effect it will have on John Turner's chances for the Liberal leadership. The two men are friends, ideologically and personally, so that any electoral contest between them could become the most significant campaign ever fought in this country. May the best profile win.



Mulroney: the small-town boy still lurks

the rest of the province's construction industry. A together, 279 witnesses testified, revealing the corruption caused by subverted taxations and exploitation. The commission's 132 recommendations brought force to the ministry, and Mulroney learned many of the valuable lessons about labor-management relations he later applied as president of the Iron Ore Co. of Canada. After he turned the company around, one of his first decisions was to quickly double the pension

plan for the company's workers.

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OUT OF WORK

By Sherna McKay

There is no heart in the design of seasonally adjusted statistics. There is no provision of hopefulness as the figures emerge with soothing regularity. The headline proclaiming 133,811,000 JOBS does not capture the despair of broken homes and divided people. But the waste and the human wreckage—the human cost of unemployment—is everywhere. Typically, the unemployed person travels down a path from denial to anger to remorse to acceptance and ultimately he becomes chronically depressed," says Ronald Burke, a York University psychology professor who has studied the effects of unemployment on laid-off plant workers in Ontario for several years. So similar were the patterns of personal collapse that Burke managed to chart six specific stages of reaction to job loss. "Self-hatred and boredom will lead the person to make unhealthy lifestyle choices," he concludes. "He may drink more, sleep more, yell at his kids more. The malaise so overcomes him that soon he has halted only when that person finds a job."

The tragedy is that in many cases now there is simply no job to be found. "No one can tell you where the new jobs are going to come from," admits David Dodge, federal assistant deputy minister of employment and director of a task force that produced an optimistic 13.5-million report on unemployment unveiled Labor Market Development in the 1990s. Released in the summer of 1991, the report predicted relief for Canada's unemployed. The boom in the western provinces, the expected growth of the high-tech, manufacturing and construction industries and more megaprojects would—according to the wisdom of the time—soon bring about a healthy labor scene. But it has not happened, and Ottawa has since renounced its promise. Instead, the government is pouring millions of dollars into expanding the very nature of Canada's employment structure.

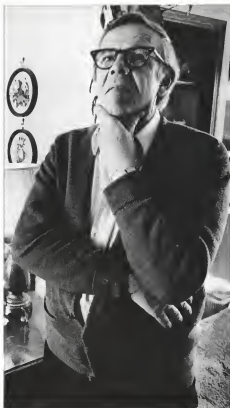
Clearly, a transformation has occurred in British Columbia giant machines have eaten up forestry jobs. A depressed world energy market has shut down mines from the Yukon to the Maritimes. And passing through a

period of lean times, businesses across the country have found that one executive can be made to do the job of three. What that means for many Canadians who have lost their jobs during the present recession is that the door back to the workplace has slammed shut. It is no longer employment opportunities but social workers and psychiatrists who increasingly have to deal with the mass fallout of a collapsed economy.

Léonide Desjardins, chairman of the Canadian Mental Health Association's recently formed committee on unemployment, for one, is deeply pessimistic about the future of the unemployed. "Most unemployed people are going through a time of crisis," he says. "The unemployed person needs to be self-reliant and resourceful, but this is just what he hasn't learned to be. Our system—everything from the economic structure to government to large companies—encourages dependency." Desjardins, who is past president of the New Brunswick chapter of the CMHA, became alarmed about the psychological effects of unemployment after witnessing the situation in his home province. When the federal government announced in 1981 that it was going to close the Armed Forces base at Chatham—in an area that was already experiencing 15-per-cent unemployment—the same kind of the local mental health clinic grew by 153 per cent in one year. "We had to start asking ourselves about the human and social costs," says Desjardins.

Few of those who are thrown out of work can claim humanity. The malaise that comes with being unemployed affects the "terminally" middle-aged executives as much as the laid-off 18-year-old factory worker. The individual with the strongest job commitment and the highest personal expectations usually suffers the deepest withdrawal pains. "We have to work very hard to convince the former office manager that he still has value when the response to his 300 applications has been either 'no' or 'nonexistent,'" says Neil Macdonald, president of Trekwest Service Canada, a Toronto-based placement service that caters to professionals. "The demand for counselling has grown to such an extent that it is more than we can accommodate. It is difficult to convince a man to believe in himself when no one else will."

Others say it may be impossible. "You can only cry people up for so long," says Harry Shandrew, director of the plant closures branch for the Ontario labor ministry. "If there is no job out there," he adds, "they slip back, and apathy sets in." Meanwhile, it is left to individuals men and women to live with the reality of being without work. They describe their own day-to-day lives with an eloquence born of necessity:



ROBERT STILLWELL, 56, of Fredericton, is married, with a 17-year-old son and a 24-year-old daughter living at home. The former radio broadcaster and ad salesman for 13/10 Fredericton was laid off in January after 15 years in a job that paid \$19,000 and commission. He now lives on pension benefits of \$275 a month.

It was very traumatic, a complete blow to my ego. They told me on Friday afternoon at four o'clock. I just never expected that anything like that could happen to me. The first couple of weeks, I hid up in the house and didn't want to see anyone.

For 34 years I got up and went to work, and that was my life. Now the rest of the family goes off to work and school and I am left here alone. I just put around, drink coffee and read the newspaper. Sometimes, when the wall clock is, I go for a ride in the car.

I feel somewhat embarrassed, too. There are all your friends off working, and you have been told that you are no longer needed. And all the time I know I have to work to survive. We still have nine years left on the mortgage, and the early pension they gave me is only half of what I expected to be living on when I retired. It's hard not to feel frustrated and angry. If it weren't for my wife, I'd be in bad shape. She tries to keep me up, but it hurts all the same. I feel like I have lost part of myself.

It all came too fast. I wasn't prepared. I never thought about being old when I was working. But now you know that employers are looking at you and thinking about your age. Being 56 puts a lid on it immediately. I suppose I could be a housewife at 57, but I can't do that. I am going to do that, not yet anyway. I know [she] has a lot to offer. I have interviewed everyone from John Deere to Quebec steel makers. There must be a place for me somewhere.



MAUREEN MILGAVIO, 31, of Winnipeg, was laid off from her job as a shipper-dispatcher with JEO Sales, a boiler repair company. A single woman, she was earning \$12,000. Now she collects \$322 a month.

There are days when I feel this depressing way of life might go on forever. Each day is the same. All the doors seem so close in your face. You get the first edition of the newspaper, turn to the classifieds and start phoning. You know that hundreds of others are doing the same thing and that most of the jobs will be gone by the time you call. Then in the afternoon you write to the box numbers and begin hoping for a reply.

I am getting sick of dressing up and trying so desperately hard to sell myself to every Tom, Dick and Harry who sits behind a desk. I tell them the money isn't important any more, but often they feel that you get, more

experienced girls would do better. It really gets you down after a while. You are selling yourself, and no one wants to buy.

Twice I have almost landed jobs and I've come home and cried. You begin to develop a negative attitude toward yourself. Normally I am an independent person. I don't like living on unemployment cheques but I have to pay the rent.

So often it seems to be someone else's money that puts dinner on the table. I feel like a bum, sitting around all day, waiting for the phone to ring, writing letters. I pass a lot of the time watching TV. I drink more, too. How long can this way of life go on? Four years? Five years? Recently I read that a paper plant was closing down in Winnipeg. All I could think of was, "Oh no, I'll have another 120 people to compete with." It seems like such a trap.



JEAN MCVANE, 26, of Montreal, is married, with a two-year-old daughter. Last October he lost his supervisor's job at Bailey Controls, a boiler control system company, where he was earning \$13,800 a year. He collects \$796 a month.

I get to the point where I just want to get away from everyone by sitting in the bedroom. I have been going nuts since I lost my job. It has been a really shaky time. I used to be a happy guy—an on top of the world. Now I feel that my life is at a dead end.

It's your pride. You've lost a big chunk out of it. It's like you are a tree and they have cut off all your branches. You have nowhere to go. I have no more money in my savings account. The stuff that we want I can't buy. The stuff that needs to be repaired I can't afford to repair.

I lose my temper a lot. I get mad at my wife, Diane, and she gets mad at me, and then the kid gets involved. It's a really bad scene. Then you go out and look for a job, spending money on gas and photocopying résumés, and you don't even get a decent reply. How do companies think that makes people like me feel? Sitting and waiting and hoping, and you get worse than my who shoots your application in the garbage. Ask me if I don't feel like killing someone.

You try and you try and you get nowhere. I know it is not my fault that I can't get a job, but when I look at my family, 80 per cent of the time I feel that I am failing them.



ROBERT THOMPSON, 44, of Vancouver is unemployed, and his wife has custody of their two teenagers. When his job as a marketing executive at James Henderson & Co., a food distribution firm, was made redundant in October he was earning \$22,000. Now he is living on \$710 a month in allowance pay and \$1

When I first found myself out of work, I would ride my bike around Stanley Park, sit somewhere and just think. Here I was, I had been working for 20 years and had never been unemployed. I looked at what I had built up over a long period of time—from my first part-time job when I was 16, taking all sorts of university extension courses, moving up to a sales trainee, a sales manager, general manager and back to zero again.

I decided to go for relocation counseling. They have an industrial psychologist there, and I can call on him whenever I get a bit down. At least then I can still get up early in the morning, put on a suit and go down to an office. Otherwise, I know I'd sit at home in my bedrobe with a

cup of coffee and end up turning the TV on. You have to concentrate really hard to keep yourself occupied up. I have sent out more than 100 letters and proposals. Sure, there are moments when I think, "Jesus, is this going to work?" What if this lasts another five months? The contact with former associates gets less and less as time goes by. Sometimes I stand on a busy street corner and watch all the people carrying by. And I think, they are employed, and I feel cast away.

The evenings are the worst. Every night at six o'clock my 24-year-old son, who lives with his mother, calls and asks, "Dad, have you found a job yet?" I have to tell him, "No, Mike, not yet." I know he worries about me. Lately I find I am having great difficulty sleeping because I feel my confidence has started to slide. But I figure that you have failed only when you quit. I'll get work again. It may take a while and I may have to pump gas, but I'll get back.

DILE ANDERSON, 36, lost his job as a laborer with the International Steel and Pipe Corp. in Regina last September. Anderson, who is married, with a son, 4, and a daughter, 5, had been earning about \$22,000 a year. Now he collects \$750 a month. (7) His wife, Michele, earns \$12,200 as a sales person.

There are some days when it really gets to me. I get up late, wash up, make lunch for the kids and try to think of something to do for the afternoon. I am not out and to be a househusband, and mostly I just sit around waiting for Michele to come home. One of the most difficult things is how people who were your friends when you had a job all of a sudden disappear. If you don't have money, people don't phone you to do things. But you think they could still come over and visit, and I could always make them a cup of coffee or lemon.

Yes, Mike, yourself. Perhaps if we hadn't gone after all those \$5.00 loans every time we got a new contract, I wouldn't have been laid off. Perhaps if I had got a trade, I'd have another job

by now. At first I never thought I would be out of work so long, but the longer it goes on, the more I worry about making the house payments and whether or not I will be able to put enough food on the table. When you start running short of money and you can't afford to do much, you begin to feel bored in. You can't plus to go anywhere.

Each day I forget it. What little money we do have goes to the kids. There is an air of expectancy about everything just before Christmas there was a possibility that my wife would be laid off too. We had visions of losing the house.

I just don't know what to do. Here it is almost summer, and there is nothing on the horizon. There are no jobs at the Manpower office, and when you go out looking on your own—well, a couple of places that I have gone to, there have been 200 other people after the same job. It gets to the point where I wonder if I will ever work again. It feels so hopeless sometimes.



REYNOLD KIMMY, 31, is a native of Fernside, N.J., on an island 300 km from St. John's. Married, with a nine-year-old daughter, he was among 177 workers thrown out of work indefinitely last August at the Lake Proven Fish Plant, where he earned \$12,000 as a welder. His income from unemployment insurance is \$200 a month.



There is nothing else to do—no other industry, no other job to look for. I was born in Fernside and I love it here. But if they don't reopen the fish plant, we will have no other choice but to move. I don't know where. Just about everyone in town feels hopeless. There are few people who have any other type of training, and most of them have worked at Lake most of their lives.

I have begun to feel like a pawn. Someone else has taken control of my future. The federal government spends millions of dollars on the MacDonald inquiry but it has no money for Fernside. I'd like the politicians to come here and try to live like we are living. A living wage would be too good for them. My wife and I had worked hard to make a good life. With luck we could have paid off the mortgage on our house this year. We had planned on finishing the basement and doing a lot of landscaping.

When you are wondering where the next dollar will come from, you only buy the necessities and you can't go out much. You watch the soap and play cards on Monday night at the bar. That's it.

I am very bitter, willing from one day to the next, not knowing what to plan for. One thing I do know is that, come September, when the unemployment cheques run out, I'll be making a trip to the welfare office. I see two people left working here in Fernside—the welfare officer and the priest. Oh yeah, and the undertaker.



DAVID BALL, 33, of Calgary, is married, with two sons, 12 and 10. His wife, Rosey, now earns \$12,000 as a sales representative. After receiving his M.A. from the University of New Brunswick in 1971, Ball worked his way up the corporate ladder until last October, when he was laid off with seven months' severance pay from Nova Corp., where he was manager of book and planning. He was earning \$55,000 a year. Now his 12 weeks to \$240 a month.

Day in day I find wondering if I am admitting that either I have reached my level of incompetence or that I wasn't as capable as I should have been. I can never relax. You are afraid to because you don't want to drop out of society. And you think about that. Maybe the next time I'll say, 'To heck with it, you work, lady, and I'll wash the floors and look after the kids—forever.'

Change is the thing that makes things tend to avoid at all costs. And being unemployed forces a tremendous change. The mental shock, well, it is like you have been told that a good friend has died. You feel self-pity and anger at the people who have put you in this position.

Unemployment means that my wife went to work. It means that my sense of humor is at a thin edge. We have changed what we eat because we don't know how long the money will last. Your income goes from about \$4,000 a month to nothing in one day. You cannot pause lessons and the subsequent in Sports Illustrated. There is strain on your marriage. My wife becomes impatient, and I can understand that. I have my down times when I just want to sit and rock, and she just can't tolerate it because her security is maligned. It's like I have been dropped into a foreign country and I don't know the language.

The stress comes from the frustration of wondering what more you can do. I have sent out 800 letters since January and personally contacted every sizable company in Calgary. Soon I will be faced with the possibility of making a major career change—starting over again.



DEBBY REID, 45, of Vancouver, is married, with four children, aged one to 17 years. A broken-down mechanic, he has been searching for a job in B.C. lumber camps since 1990. His wife, Beverly Chisholm, collects \$193 a month in welfare payments.

I want to work, to have a job, but there is nothing out there. I don't even bother to go to the Manpower office anymore. Last year it came to the point where I had the choice of sitting in a cold, dark house or going to the welfare office. I don't have the kind of pride that would let my family starve.

For middle-class people like me, you have to live through the welfare experience to know what it is like. You live from day to day on a subsistence level. Money is figured to the penny. You buy peanut butter at the one store that has it on special the second Wednesday of the

month. Last winter, when they threatened to shut off the heat, I sent my wife and infant back to her parents' home.

You get depressed when your 10-year-old daughter asks for a stable for an hour's ride. You get depressed when you see your little cry, and he doesn't have a single thing that didn't belong to someone else. When you have problems in your marriage, the lack of work and money make them worse. We separated for a while last fall.

"Empty?" I have had no sense of dignity for a long time. I feel as if there isn't room for people like me in this country anymore. I don't want much—just to work and make enough to be self-sufficient. I am good at what I do. I want a job. What has gone wrong?



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Juan Ignacio, the 36-year-old, Spanish-born singer, has sold an estimated 19 million albums and discs awarded more than 100 platinum and gold records in 20 countries. But he still does not regard himself as a superstar. "I just sing, that's all," he says. The secret, of course, is that he sings in a multitude of languages. His album *Movimiento* was recorded in Spanish, French, Italian, German and Portuguese. Ignacio's rich tenor voice and flowing guitar, as Jacko help too. They recently worked on *Jeanna Carlen*, who cooed herself after the separation from Johnny by standing all four of Ignacio's ears out at Radio City Music Hall this month. This week Ignacio began a tour of Ontario and Quebec but he worries about his profile in the West. "They don't know me," he says. They may meet him, when the singer plans to release an English album, starting up with *Jeanna Carlen* for at least one song. "I am very interested to see if the public reacts favorably," he says humbly. If it does, who knows what the future may hold—an TV special with *John Denver*?



Ignacio with Joan Collins: a "favorable" reaction to a stars

Canada may have two royal birthdays this summer if Prince William proves as resilient a world traveler as his grandmother, the Queen. Last week William made his first trip abroad—a six-week visit to Australia and New Zealand—with his mother and father, the Prince and Princess of Wales. If William has inherited the Queen's genes, he may also accompany his parents on their tour of the Atlantic provinces, Ontario and Alberta this June. The official word is that he will not, but there are rumors to the contrary in London. The strains of Ottawa should be prepared, however. The immature schedule for the royal couple has three visiting duties on June 23, and the usual traditional presentations to royalty will just not do when so here to the throne celebrates his first birthday. Birthdays of Prince Edward Island or Newfoundland—the schedule still not set—may have to make do with a birthday cake for Diana, who will turn 22 on July 1, the last day of the tour.

There is no room for optimism around Barbara "Wildcat" Woodhouse. The internationally known dog-muser, who is listed in the Guinness Book of World Records for having trained more than 17,000 dogs, says flatly that she is the only person who has "the gift" of coexistence with animals. "It is talent," she said last week in Toronto before launching a one-country tour. What she has passed on with one of England's most-watched television shows, *Training Dogs the Woodhouse Way*, a best-selling book, *No Dog*

Dogs the Woodhouse Way and a new album, *Train Your Dog*, is a method of obedience training for dogs of all sizes that she believes is better than anyone else's. Moreover, Woodhouse, 72, says her magic works on horses ("I'm the only woman in the world who can break a horse in two hours"), horses, giraffes and tigers. "I just use my little nose—come along," she explains. People are another matter. In the show ring "owners are spenders," says Woodhouse. Ignoring, "it is not my job to let an owner drink three One or two have been a bit grumpy. As far as owner management goes, you do have to be tactful, you know." And how is Woodhouse tactful with the horses at the other end of the leash? "I ignore them."

A series of television commercials boosting the good works of British Columbia's Social Credit government has been so successful—during the government's point-of-view—that the 14 ads have been held over for an extra two-week run. Extending them until the end of this month and mounting two additional one-minute spots will cost B.C. taxpayers \$400,000—whether they like it or not. "Incidents, parties and sentimental advertising," grumbled NDP opposition justice critic *Alan Macdonald* last week. Macdonald objected to the format, which features popular television newsmen. *Paul Haggis* was asked: Premier *Bill Bennett* decidedly soft question: The eleven-minute ads are not even accurate, Macdonald complains. One loftily responds on the "champions of day care centers" that the government has created.

The government has created the highly single-gender families, when in fact there are less than 2,000 families in the province. But *Douglas Reid*, the deputy minister of information who devised the campaign that went on the air last December, is unfazed. Reid says that the general response has been overwhelmingly positive. But at least one voter must find the ads ironic. According to Macdonald, a worker who happily went on video to praise the work-lacking program had been shut off by the time he made television. —*ROBERT R. BARNARD* BURNING

Do! and more with Prince William's Canadian visit?



The CFL's off-season of discontent



Tiger-Cat Vice-President King Clancy (left) with Ballard in happier times—before leaving

It has not been a good off-season for the Canadian Football League. Two top coaches—Hugh Campbell of Baltimore and Ray Jackson of Winnipeg—defected to the new United States Football League (USFL) months after the first whistle of last fall's Grey Cup game. Seasoned pros are looking south, U.S. college stars are no longer looking north, and Harold Ballard is threatening to pull his Hamilton Tiger-Cats out of the league. Throughout its history the CFL has weathered storms and uncertainty in its struggle to preserve a professional identity. Its decline has often been predicted, but the current threat from the USFL, Ballard and the office of Communications Minister Preston Fox poses perhaps its gravest challenge.

Nowhere is the concern more acute than in the offices of the Saskatchewan Roughriders. Playing out of quaint Taylor Field in Regina, the team has managed to fend off outside pay through constant announcements and the generosity of its loyal fans. Last year, of the five currently-owned teams in the CFL's Western Conference, only Saskatchewan showed a profit. The Riders used the proceeds from fund-raising, such as their annual \$800-a-plate dinner, and several millions of its eight home games to add \$800,000 to an amount that now holds \$1.5 million. Understandably leached, the club and the City

of Regina approached the provincial government with plans to relocate Taylor Field and cover it with a dome. The club also entered a bid to host the 1996 Grey Cup. But Prince Rupert's decision earlier this month has put an end to the dome stadium proposal, the Grey Cup bid and perhaps even the possibility of showing a profit.

After months of threatening to pressure riders owners whose rooftop satellite dishes leaked up CFL games and giveaways, Fox prevented his vision and made the satellite dishes legal. The CFL estimated that fans heading for beverage rooms rather than stadiums will still lose \$1 million in revenue last year. And no one knows how much it will lose when faced with legal dishes.

Rider President Richard Hendek, far, is clearly concerned. "More than 70 per cent of our revenue comes from gate receipts," he said. "What if it rains or snows? Why drive all the way into the city to see a game if you can watch it at a local hotel or bar? But the satellite decision will have no less an impact on a team like the Toronto Argonauts. It will probably hurt us more than any other issue because of the number of outlets that will be showing the games on TV," says Argonaut President Ralph Sauter.

The communications minister contends that the CFL will be protected if it

can ensure that the satellite signals are scrambled. But the expensive scrambling and unscrambling devices would have to be in place at each CFL and CFL affiliate, a cost that neither the networks nor the CFL are willing to absorb. Complicating the problem is the CFL's television agreement with the Entertainment Sports Programming Network (ESPN) in the United States. The Canadian networks feed ESPN, which then retransmits the signal to television via satellite. The same satellite signals were picked up on dishes and sent to towers across Canada last season, circumventing the local network blackouts. Since all scheduled games are fed to ESPN, satellite dishes

owners have a much broader choice than the networks provide, including games played in their own cities. ESPN has made it clear that it will not scramble its satellite signals.

The satellite question may become academic if the CFL survives. In fact, the CFL signal may soon not be worth watching. As Hamilton Tiger-Cat Ron Zborjan once said, "I think the first will be a noticeable deterioration in the quality of the CFL, not so much this year, but eventually, as players and coaches start leaving." And the league's tenuous future is further reflected in Harold Ballard's threat: Hamilton city council turned down Ballard's request for the take from food and drink concessions. Without that revenue, the Tiger-Cats lost between \$700,000 and \$1 million last season. Last year, too, Ballard employees asked equipment into parking crates at the team's office in Hamilton for shipment to Toronto. On Friday the Argonauts visited the Tiger-Cats' move to Toronto's Varsity Stadium, promising Ballard to declare, "As of now the CFL is an eight-team league, because if I have to I'll suspend the franchise for a year. Let the Argos play on home games with the Montreal Concordes and see how they like it." The troubled off-season could well be over at the CFL's end.

—*BLAQUE* in Toronto, with Dale Rider in Regina.

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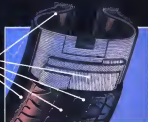
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A
B
C
D
E



Decisions about life and death

The question was whether a severely retarded boy would receive a potentially life-saving operation or, effectively, be allowed to die. Finally, last Friday afternoon Stephen Dawson, 6, was hurriedly wheeled into Vancouver Children's Hospital for surgery to repair a group which drained itself from his brain. The emergency operation came only hours after a British Columbia Supreme Court judge overruled a previous decision that, in essence, gave Stephen's parents (not medical authorities) the right to determine the boy's fate. The distraught parents, Robert and Sharon Dawson, believed that their son—blind, deaf and

mute), which gives the courts wide jurisdiction over the welfare of the child. In fact, he awarded custody of the child to the B.C. superintendent of child welfare. The fact that Stephen's parents divorced in 1980 and are not married—they live together—but also a factor in the decision, McKenna said. In the end, he sided with the evidence of the medical staff who, because the boy had been born only once in four years, had seen him constantly. They testified that he could lead a normal life within the limits of his handicap. For Robert and Sharon Dawson, the second stressful week in court ended when they decided not to appeal McKenna's decision.

Issues were whether the quality of life, and not simply life itself, should be the chief consideration in medical decisions and whether individuals or the state should have the final say. They are not new questions, but they are ones that have been raised with increasing frequency as medical technology offers new hopes of prolonging life.

The arguments over Stephen Dawson's fate recalled the case of Karen Ann Quinlan, the 29-year-old New Jersey woman who sank into a coma eight years ago after drinking and taking tranquilizers. After a long battle in the U.S. courts, Quinlan's parents won a 1976 decision allowing them to discon-

nect life-support systems. But their brain-damaged daughter did not die. Before the court, Quinlan was found to be an adult in a permanent condition. But in the Dawson case the fight was over a child who, his parents believed, had not future. McKenna's decision echoed new U.S. federal regulations that became effective this week, requiring hospitals to care for disabled newborns—or lose funding.

The Dawson case turned the nation's focus on a reality of disaster, private decisions between many doctors and governing bodies—the practice of letting seriously ill patients die. McKenna clearly concluded that Stephen Dawson did not fit that category. In contrast, a cancer therapist who has had to deal with the question of euthanasia agreed with the parents' right to forego surgery. "The professional practice of so many hospitals has gone on for decades," said Dr. William Mort, the physician who convinced the Canadian Medical Association to adopt that practice in 1974.

For Stephen Dawson, life's possibilities narrowed two weeks after he was born prematurely on March 26, 1978. He contracted spinal meningitis, a bacterial disease that attacks the membranes surrounding the spinal cord, which left him severely retarded. Throughout the protracted trial, he was an unseen but palpable presence in the courtroom. Even though his right to life-saving medical care was guaranteed, he will probably never comprehend the warring debate that made his surgery possible—or matter how long he lives.

—MALCOLM GHEAT in VANCOUVER



Sharon, Robert, Stephen and Sean Dawson pitting sanity against quality of life.

suffering from cerebral palsy—had no hope of living a normal life. But Justice Lloyd McKenna fairly rejected the parents' request that Stephen be allowed to die a simple death with dignity. The justice concluded that it was not certain that the boy would die without the operation and he accepted testimony that Stephen might live independently to great pain. "It cannot accept the view that Stephen would be better off dead," he said. "This would mean that the life of a handicapped child is worth less than the life of a normal child—and worth so much less that it is not worth contemplating," he added, in a ruling that the latest chapter in the battle over "the right to die."

The judge ruled, heavily on the legal doctrine of *paterfamilias* (father of the

and to allow the operation on their son. "We feel the decision was unfair," Robert Dawson said. Sharon Dawson also vowed to continue the fight for permanent custody of the boy.

The drama began with the startling decision by Provincial Court Judge Patricia Byrne to rule out an operation to repair a blocked shunt that drained fluid from Stephen's brain. She ruled that the brain shunt would be an extraordinary surgical intervention and would constitute "torture and unusual treatment." Within hours of her ruling, the provincial government, supported by the B.C. Association for the Mentally Retarded, sought custody of the boy.

Before deciding the issue, McKenna confronted the tangled emotional questions raised by the case. Among the



Ex-psychiatric patient lives Lakeland in Parkdale boarding house; desalting.

HEALTH

No room for the disabled

By ANN KOFF

Even as the Stephen Dawson case came to its cost-cutting conclusion, the major figure in Canada's after recent legal frame over the rights of the handicapped struggled to get his new life in order. In November severely handicapped 30-year-old Justin Clark was a highly publicized battle with the province for the right to move into group homes from the large Ridgeway Regional Centre near Ojima. Where he had lived for most of his life Clark became a helpful symbol for advocates of "deinstitutionalization"—the movement to take the handicapped out of institutional hospitals and reintegrate them into the community. But five months after the court decision Clark remains in the 1975-built Ridgeway Institution. Friends who saw the group home he was to live in and who supported his legal case now plead that they cannot care for Justin because his handicaps are too formidable. Unhappily, Clark has now become a symbol for growing doubts about the wisdom of the push for widespread deinstitutionalization.

Government has been in the vanguard of the movement since the early 1960s. Among the large provincial institutions that have opted to open their doors and return the handicapped to the community are the Huron Regional

Centre for the Mentally Retarded in Ontario and Woodlands School for the Mentally Retarded in British Columbia. Now closed in a group home.

Last month in Toronto meeting, 40 Ontario parents of mentally retarded patients in provincial institutions charged the government with diverting social service funds to general revenue. The parents called for a moratorium on Ontario's plans to close six small institutions for the mentally retarded and substantially reduce the size of another during the next five years. The residents will either be placed in group homes or the remaining large provincial institutions. "This is a giant step backward," said Rhonda Bouda, whose 35-year-old son Vinay has lived for six years at the Durham Regional Centre, due to be closed in 1987.

Clark: a poignant symbol for new doubts



of paid of patients and the other was killed in a fight. As a result, the province has taken over one of the facilities.

Groups such as the Canadian Mental Health Association (CMHA) and the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded (CARM) claim that the province has neither adequately prepared deinstitutionalized residents for community living nor provided enough housing and support programs. Like vocational training. In Haldon, Robert Rivett of the city's department of social planning says, "We are aware of about 30 to 35 people on the streets in Halifax area who, in our opinion, need long-term custodial care that simply is not available in the present system. The problem needs to be somewhere in the middle, but at the moment it's swing to the point where we're dumping everyone on the streets."

Many health care experts now suspect that provincial governments are abusing the spirit of reform as a means of cutting health care and social service costs. "With the general financial restraint of the provincial governments, an obvious erosion is taking place," says Gordon Merwood, CMHA national director. For provincial budget cutters, the savings are attractive. A recent study by the Alberta Association for the Mentally Retarded revealed that the yearly cost to the province in a provincial institution ranged from \$20,000 to \$40,000 per person, compared to \$15,000 to \$20,000 in a group home.

Last month in Toronto meeting, 40 Ontario parents of mentally retarded patients in provincial institutions charged the government with diverting social service funds to general revenue. The parents called for a moratorium on Ontario's plans to close six small institutions for the mentally retarded and substantially reduce the size of another during the next five years. The residents will either be placed in group homes or the remaining large provincial institutions. "This is a giant step backward," said Rhonda Bouda, whose 35-year-old son Vinay has lived for six years at the Durham Regional Centre, due to be closed in 1987. "Someone as hyperactive as our son is probably not suitable for a group home," he said. Unlike the province is willing to negotiate with the parents, they may this legal action to stop the closures, says Bruce Ontario New Democratic Party social services critic Richard Johnston charges that the smaller institutions, with an average of 150 beds each, are being closed because "the outside care less costly and retarded and will be cheaper to care for in the community."

When opening group home beds are not available, the results can be devastating.



Merit

THE SIGNATURE OF SUCCESS
MERIT SUITS, SPORTJACKETS AND SHIRTS

ing. The Parke area in Toronto, in particular, has become notorious as a quieter for on-psychiatric patients from the nearby Queen Street Mental Health Centre. The former patients live in run-down boarding houses with little professional monitoring and few support services. A critical report on mental health care, commissioned by the Ontario ministry of health and released in January, found that the number of psychiatric patients in Ontario institutions fell from 38,486 in 1980 to 6,675 in 1990, without a comparable increase in community-based services. Says 1985 Executive Vice-President Hugh Lafave: "To have good community care, you have to spend as much as, and probably more than, you would in an institution."

In a drastic about-face, parents and social services professionals now view the large updated provincial institutions in a more favorable light, unlike attitudes 30 years ago. "Derelictories with dozens of beds were the rule, now they're the exception," says James Fraser, administrator of Hillborough Hospital and Riverside Home of Special Care near Charlottetown—the only provincial psychiatric hospital in Prince Edward Island. Hillborough, which has 200 patients, houses a maximum of four patients in a room and offers recreational and training programs for life on the street.

However, the value of properly run and funded group homes is universally accepted. For cerebral palsy victim Wayne Middlebrook, moving to a Toronto group home from Bellwoods Park Home, a 60-bed Toronto institution where he lived for 18 months, has been a major step. Says Middlebrook: "It's harder living here, but in the long run it's going to make it easier to live on my own." In Vancouver, Norman Munro, 39, was assessed as profoundly retarded and lived for 15 years in Woodlands School, where he was regularly tied to his bed. Two years ago the BC Community Living Society arranged for him to move out on his own with two other retarded men and Lewis helpers. Now he can walk unassisted and he attends programs in the community.

Community openness to group homes, however, may prove to be the most persistent obstacle facing disabled people. Undermining the deinstitutionalization debate are "last on my street" objections to group homes and community care. If Jim Clark takes the giant step out of the institution and into the neighborhood, the question remains: would he be welcome? Recent negative reaction to group homes seems to indicate that the answer may be no.

With Stephen Kender in Halifax, Jim Clark in Montreal, Dave Givner in Calgary and Diane Lasker in Vancouver.

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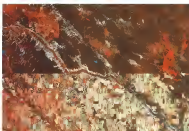
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Landsat image: border region with Alberta circled on north and Montana below

AGRICULTURE

Ranching by satellite

The newest way to see the Alberta landscape is not a rugged horseback ride, but a satellite window, circling 300 km above the planet. Last month space technology challenged the Prairies' oldest craft as specially enhanced pictures of southern Alberta grasslands, taken by the U.S. earth-observing satellite, Landsat 4, went on sale to the general public. Ranchers can now pay \$37.50 for a Landsat photo of a 60 km x 60 km area. The brilliant images can identify land that has been lightly or heavily grazed, distinguish irrigated crops from grassland, and determine whether herds should be increased or thinned. Judging by the initial response, many ranchers are happy to forgo some horseback rides and four-wheel-drive patrols of their vast spreads in favor of accurate color images taken every 16 days. "The biggest advantage," says Clay Chatterway, who runs a large ranch southwest of Calgary, "is that it provides a long-term record."

Satellite pictures of natural resources are not new. Indeed, the three previous Landsats (the first of which was launched in 1972) could pinpoint mineral deposits, trace the path of pollutants in air or water and identify various crops. The multispectral scanner, common to all Landsats, converts near-light reflected by the Earth into electronic signals which are beamed back to earth stations and converted by computers into a photograph. But until now scientists have been unable to

interpret the information in pictures of fat, semiarid prairies and mixed grasslands. One person involved in the breakthrough is Keith Thomson, head of the Rangeland Enhancement Project, a joint program by the Canada Centre for Remote Sensing, the Alberta Remote Sensing Centre and the Alberta natural resources ministry. After two years of research, Thomson and his colleagues have pioneered a color-coding technique for enhancing the images so that even ranchers can read them. Darker shades indicate healthy or undisturbed grazing land, while lighter shades point to overgrazing.

Since the current Landsat pictures do not reveal details smaller than 60 m across, the scanning service will be most useful for large ranchers and integrated managers—those who are responsible for patrolling Alberta's vast Crown lands leased to ranchers and farming cooperatives. "We're never going to be able to do it all from the office," cautions Bob Reider, regional grazing manager for Medicine Hat, who owns 250,000 acres by track and trail bike. "But this is a valuable tool for us."

The Remote Sensing Centre is preparing to use a new Landsat feature that will take pictures of objects only 30 m across. As a result, despite the uncertainty created by Washington's plan to auction Landsat 4 to private industry, now small ranchers as well as large will be getting far satellite photos.

—RENEE INWORTH in Calgary, with
Ava Walmsley in Toronto

MEDIA

The reporter and the raid

Dripping wet from a morning jog, Meadon's South African correspondent, Alister Sparks, returned to his Johannesburg home early last week to find five members of the Security Police searching desks and nightstands. They were looking for documents relating to newspaper articles which Sparks had written within the past 15 months. The warrant was issued under the Internal Security Act, which gives police almost unlimited power to arrest and incarcerate anyone whom the government believes to be a security risk. The government alleges that the stories, written for *The Washington Post* and the *Lancet Observer*, contained quotes from Winnie Mandela, wife of imprisoned African National Congress leader Nelson Mandela. She has been under a so-called banning order for 30 years—ever since her husband was sentenced to life imprisonment plus five years in South Africa—it is against the law for a banned person—there are more than 3,000—to be quoted publicly.

Sparks then accompanied the plainclothesmen to his one-room office where, for four hours, he said, "they went through the place like *Search Me*." Meanwhile, freelance writer Sparks began typing a previously assigned story for Meadon's (page 20). As Sparks tapped out the last paragraph, an officer reached for the typewriter. "I need another minute," said Sparks, and finished the piece. Besides the typewriter, police confiscated two pairs of scissors and some files. "It was clearly an act of intimidation," said Sparks. Banned people are routinely quoted in news articles outside South Africa. Foreign journalists, he said, can simply be expelled, but he is a South African national. "I guess there was just to keep low-level work of shutting me up," he said, "as they acted on this type of harassment." It is not likely to prove much of a deterrent, however. An officer of the *Road Daily Mail* from 1977 to 1981, Sparks survived six major trials resulting from South Africa's press restriction laws.

The day after the surprise raid, Sparks set out at 5 a.m. to travel the 400 km to a remote village in Orange Free State to interview Winnie Mandela once again. "I feel it's important," the 50-year-old journalist said, "to show that I have not been intimidated."

—KENNETH J. LUKAS in Toronto

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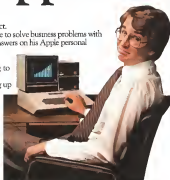
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A new alternative voice

It was a heady, if odd, triumph for a fledgling magazine. The cover articles were delivered before the birth of the publication. Officially, the first edition of Canada's newest "alternative" (anti-establishment) magazine, *Goodman's*, is tentatively scheduled to appear on newsstands across the country on April 12. But, as protests against plans to test the U.S. cruise missile over

Alberta heated up earlier this month, the magazine's editors decided to release advance copies of the first edition's investigation into the trials of chemical and biological weapons in Canada throughout the 1960s and 1980s. Journalist Peter van Stuckenberg sifted through 5,000 pages of previously classified U.S. military reports, which he obtained through the U.S. Freedom

of Information Act, and he concluded that Canada, the United States and Britain have been simulating tests of lethal chemicals by releasing other toxic chemicals over the Provinces and Newfoundland. The article prompted a sharp rebuke. In the Commons, Defense Minister Oliver Leanosangue told Saskatchewan New Democrat Simon de Jong earlier this month that the tests are carried out only "on a defensive or protective basis." De Jong countered by citing documents indicating that Canada urged the allies to produce "new-type lethal weapons." Said de Jong later: "This magazine will fill a tremendous gap. That whole story has not been told before—and this fits in the pieces in the puzzle."

Goodman's—named after pioneer B.C. labor organizer Albert (Glen) Goodman—is the flagship of a national nonprofit foundation cobbled together last year by nine Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto journalists and activists. Their aim is "to explore social and economic alternatives" by chronicling the concerns of movements ranging from women's groups to peace protesters. The preview edition includes an examination of police infiltration of the Ku Klux Klan in Canada, a profile of Toronto documentary filmmaker Laura Sky and a look at the current problems of Canadian union leaders. The magazine is glossy, professional and none-indent. "You don't have to be a leftist to pick up *Goodman's* and enjoy it," says its editor, freelance writer Ron Versak, 38. "We have tried to put 'journalists' back into alternative journalism. This magazine borrows the social values of the 1960s but tempers it with the realities of the 1980s."

Nonetheless, *Goodman's* main problem is a lack of cash—and the foundation members are determined not to run up bills they cannot ultimately pay. No advertiser paid to appear in the first issue, but *Goodman's* hopes to attract social agencies, unions, lobbyists and "enlightened corporations." So far, there are 1,100 subscribers at \$10 each for the four editions of the first year, along with the preview copy. The magazine's editors expect they can keep their deficit from exceeding \$40,000 and eventually break even through fund-raising and subscription drives. CMC media analyst Berna Switzer says that *Goodman's* has a chance at succeeding because the management is businesslike and there is a growing need for "stories that do not have profit-system or business-community values at the top." Still, Switzer warns that *Goodman's* must compete with a host of individual magazines catering to individual movements, so the challenge is to become so successful as an establishment magazine without betraying the notion of an alternative society. —MARY JANTZEN in Ottawa

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BOOKS

A war for the taking



Dikun, Salvador's tragedy appears as if it happens in the writer's head

SALVADOR
By Jean Dikun
(Lester & Orpen Dennys,
1987 papers, \$14.95)

Since a U.S.-fueled junta took power in El Salvador in 1979, journalists have swarmed over the country to prey on its social decay, its suffering refugees and its rolling battles. Frequently, as well as studies or an increase in military and paramilitary change and attracts press attention. Although Jean Dikun's *Salvador* is the chronicle of her visit in June, 1982, the Salvadoran situation still exhibits every emotional and physical horror that Dikun describes. There also remains the phenomenon of the two-week wonders like Dikun who document their fruit from the moment they land at the airport. Then they pay obligatory visits to the U.S. Embassy, the city morgue and the human rights commission, make a quick write into the countryside and, finally, wing home with their heads full of nightmare and their notebooks full of the new frontier stuff.

This is not to deny that *Salvador* features some fine writing. Dikun's previous work has established her as the Meryl Streep of U.S. letters, an intelligent matriarch of high-artistic sensitivity. The scenes are taut, tense and elegantly performed. Dikun trapped at dinner in San Salvador with a man who may be linked to the death squads. Dikun, pretending not to notice soldiers taking a young boy away. But the net

effect is to make the tragedy of El Salvador and its 38,000 dead appear as if it is happening inside the writer's head. As with Sherry, the repeated close-ups of Dikun suffering can be grating. But there is also no denying her ability to deliver an intelligent line. "I was struck," writes Dikun, "by the massive aspect of the country, an entire republic smaller than some California counties, the very dimensions that have encouraged the illusion that the place can be managed, salvaged, a kind of pilot project, like TVA [Tennessee Valley Authority]." In the context of the book's tour of piled bodies and diplomatic maneuvers, such comments reveal an exquisite appreciation of political irony.

But other than needing quarry, as which to unleash a few good lines, it is not clear why Dikun bothered to write the book, because she has nothing new to say. The real danger is that who is guilty of the sin she also as U.S. policy makers—possessing that she can "manage" as complex a country in only two weeks and 188 pages. As well, as such lean material the special tricks of Dikun's craft stand out like huge joints and heavy strings on a very raw meat pie. Using the Californian language of film, so pervasive in her previous books—"events out of spirit" and scenarios that "won't play"—she has no fresh vocabulary left to communicate El Salvador's extreme horror.

The book's biggest disappointment is Dikun's failure to think clearly through the modified political debate

instigated, the book reveals that what has passed for sophistication and lucidity in Dikun's previous press is partly (maybe) forced. Forever using such terms as "exactly," "precisely," "holistically" and "which is what I meant when I said," her prose gives the impression that the author has a firm grasp on the subtle intricacies of the situation. But she fails to address solutions. She shrugs off her lack of contact with the anti-government forces, limits discussion of U.S. policy options to a couple of ineffective paragraphs and leaves discussion of how and why the United States got involved in the first place. Dikun prefers to react rather than to analyze; shuddering in her own forte.

At best the book offers, to anyone who has not read a newspaper in three years, a mildly written but horrendous recapitulation of the Salvadoran situation. At the same time, it opens to ridicule the journalists, some serious, some more humorous, groups, who have gone to Central America to make their reputations. What is truly ridiculous is the presentation, which Dikun shares with many of them, that "During the two weeks my husband and I spent in El Salvador I came to understand the exact mechanism of terror." A genuine understanding of the exact mechanism of terror is an unlikely product of a two-week experience with a guaranteed return ticket home. —V.A. ROSS

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *Master of the Game*, Sheldon (3)
- 2 *Spies*, Matthews (2)
- 3 *Franklin's Secret*, Armstrong (3)
- 4 *Black Money Tree*, Clarke (2)
- 5 *The Little Drummer Girl*, Le Carré (2)
- 6 *Passing Strange*, Strach (2)
- 7 *Richmond House*, King (1)
- 8 *Mistral's Daughter*, Kruetz (3)
- 9 *The Moon of Jupiter*, Weiss (2)
- 10 *The Prodigal Daughter*, Archer (2)

Nonfiction

- 1 *The F-117: The Phantom*, Byrd (2)
- 2 *John Wayne: A Working Book*, Pando (1)
- 3 *Orville: An Intimate Portrait of the Legend*, Perry, McCull-Nichols (2)
- 4 *In Search of Koolhaas*, Peters and Waterman Jr. (2)
- 5 *The Establishment Man: A Portrait of Power*, Newman (2)
- 6 *Who Was Art Linkletter*, Berlin (2)
- 7 *Menendez*, Neveloff (1)
- 8 *The Secret of the Apparitions*, Foster (2)
- 9 *Martin in Wonderland*, Patterson (2)
- 10 *Towers of Gold*, Foot of Clay, Stewart (2)

(1) Position last week

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The crazy, rich boys of summer

THE KINGS INSIDE OUT

By Dan Turner
(McClintock and Stewart,
362 pages, \$24.95)

On warm September evening in 1981 Rodney Scott, second baseman for the Montreal Expos, left the dressing room and climbed up the dugout stairs at Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia. It was an hour before game time, but thousands of fans were already pressing around the field, waving banners, shouting and cheering. Moving quickly toward Scott were two US network sportscasters, cameramen in tow, and a dozen reporters. Scott paused at the top step, turned slowly, surveyed the media circus and said "Shut-it. If it was like this every night we'd all go crazy."

Nights like that are becoming mad-damn common, even for baseball's ordinary men like Scott. The sport itself has gone crazy: artificial turf, players' strikes, potting millionaires, George Steinbrenner, night games in October. Madison Avenue has won, and the success of *The Boys of Summer* has lost. Last spring Ottawa journalist Dan Turner set out to find the remnants of that innocence, and in *The Expos Inside Out* he acknowledges the fading legacy while explaining why a team that could not lose did.

That the Expos did not win the National League pennant last year perhaps makes this a better book. As Turner points out, the penultimate season before the first human finally appeared, Turner is at his best exposing those frailties and chronicling the idiosyncrasies of the doomed season: pitcher Bill Lee's heavy requests for Rodney Scott, outfielder Tim Lincecum's affair with cocaine, catcher Gary Carter's \$10-million contract, first baseman Al Oliver's glove outweighing his bat, manager Jim Fregan verifying the Peter Principle.

The Expos' failings have pained their fans across the nation, Turner casts a bright light on the team's weaknesses and allows the players to account for their own failures. While he spends too much time recounting details of 1982 and previous seasons, dredging up flimsy and sensational world news events and even reprinting poems, Turner provides a perspective that is much more enlightening than any newspaper column or TV clip. And the reader will find that there is little innocence left for the fans—or for today's boys of summer.

—HAL KUTNER



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An eternity of guilt and suffering

THE THORN BIRDS
CTV, March 27-28

Ten hours of *The Thorn Birds* is a large slice out of anyone's life, 59 hours of Richard Chamberlain as a Roman Catholic priest seems like a eternity. The saintism, devilishly handsome Father Ralph de Breisart, sent to Australia to atone for a major desecration, is wrecked by doubt: does he want the flesh or the cardinal's hat? Repeatedly throughout the padded, sluggish adaptation of Colleen McCullough's sweeping best seller, de Breisart receives visitations from the darker forces. His mission haunts him, and so do women. But Father Ralph, who has a sterling Catholic sensibility, knows that "the best is bought only at the expense of great pain."



Chamberlain: a drowning, a fire and a priest tempted by a pretty girl

star personality more than compensate: when she turns upon her antagonists, she brands the meaning of what she says into them.

Carson's purpose in playing a young woman in a whetted role is to add to Father Ralph's misery. Comedy, she leaves her fortune to the church, assur-

Pain makes its rounds with the regularity of the mailman in the TV adaptation of *The Thorn Birds*

ing his political ascendancy on the many-cuffed ladder of the Vatican. And, to guarantee the continuance of the Deaghdha dynasty, Carson brings her long-lost brother, Paddy Cleary (Richard Kiley), and his family to the ranch before she dies. The strike-line Clearys ensure further entanglements with the already-tortured priest. Little Meggie (charmingly played as a child by Sydney Penny) eventually offers Father

Carson keep shifting with whim, and Diana Under itself looks as rustic as Malibu. Buried with an axe bit, the people in *The Thorn Birds* appear to have a collective brain trust.

Not all the blame should be attributed to Drake. The network, recognizing the revenue potential of lengthy miniseries, have begun to stretch them to the breaking point. Still, that does not excuse the baldness of Drake's direction, nor the scenic mediocrity. And the period design (from 1920 to 1925) looks inaccurate, with Rachel Ward looking as though she just returned from a 1980s hair salon.

When Meggie and Father Ralph consummate their love, she asks the priest of her profane affection: "Why must the church have all of you?" Afterward, she walks along the beach during a sequence resembling a Jackson Browne commercial, while a theme song weeps: "It's not easy being me." It is not easy being anybody in *The Thorn Birds*, though Starkey gives it a game try along with her Show-Queen of Australia portrayal. She leaves after the first installment—and viewers are advised to leave with her. —LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Ralph the apple. "Why do you look so in my heart?" he asks her. "Why do you fill that space God can't fill?" When little, orphaned Meggie grows up (she is played by pretty Rachel Ward)—though she is not as pretty as Chamberlain, Meggie has compassion. Meggie is not so far from suffering, drawing more characters into this conversation of martyrdom, specifically two children.

Moderated by Daryl Duke, the Canadian responsible for the jointly nasty *The Silent Partner*, *The Thorn Birds* is also misused. The beautiful Jean Simmons plays Meggie's mother, an old crone whose mind is in it to keep her crown of thorns. Christopher Plummer is ineffectually suave as a paternal cardinal; Piper Laurie is insufferably sympathetic as Meggie's estranged Australian aunt.



Hydrangeas, Rembrandts, and Fruit: Miss Mabel Langlois (Bette) radiant stillness

ART

The master of tranquillity

By Gillian MacKay

In the tumult and splendor of 19th-century French painting, the achievement of Henri Fantin-Latour has been largely overlooked. Art historians, drenched by the fireworks of impressionism, realism and symbolism, have paid little attention to a lesser luminary whose work does not quite fit into the great modern movements. He was not an innovative genius of the stature of such contemporaries as Edouard Manet or Gustave Courbet, but Fantin (1830-1904) was a master of great distinction, acclaimed during his lifetime for his luminous still lifes and portraits. Now, his considerable accomplishment has finally been recognized in a comprehensive showing of 151 paintings, pastels, prints and drawings that opened last week at the National Gallery in Ottawa, following a recent 12-week run at the Grand Palais in Paris.

Organized by the National Gallery's

Douglas Bruck and Michel Sogno of the Musée d'Orsay in Paris, the exhibition is the first major scholarly exhibition of Fantin's work since his death in a broader sense, it contrasts the previous legacies by the National Gallery, with its Paris de Chateaux exhibition in 1977 and *The Other Nineteenth Century* in 1978, of documenting the flourishing applied to a rich chapter in the history of art.

Fantin was not a major character in that chapter, but it was not for lack of ambition or personal courage. A friend of such leading writers as Charles Baudelaire, Flaubert, Gautier, Proust, and Zola, he was not a man who did not hesitate to champion those artists in whom he believed. In-

deed, his gentle, elegant portrait of Manet (1867) was a brave statement of support at a time when the impressionist painter was despised by the critics. Even more daring was his striking *Les Artistes in the Bois de Boulogne* (1875), which depicted Manet in his case, surrounded as if in a group by that included Claude Monet and Auguste Renoir.

Although Fantin's subjects were occasionally provocative, he was not a radical himself. Against the vibrant, revolutionary backdrop of the Parisian art world in the second half of the 19th century, he cut a strange and solitary figure. Fantin felt that worldly temptations would deflect him from his priest-like devotion to painting. Fantin shared the bell-shaped hair, mustache and late-eighteenth-century style that so fascinated the impressionists. While Manet was unassuming, the pretty barmaid at the Folies-Bergères, Fantin was at home painting his sister reading a book. An early follower of Manet, Fantin later denounced the impressionists as sloppy and superficial. His artistic ideal of "following the true path" of nature did not mean slapping color on canvas direct from the paint tube as it did for Manet. Rather, it meant the painstaking modeling of the contours of a vase or a perch, with countless glazes and tiny brushstrokes, in a virtuosic performance of classicism. His deep respect for such old masters as Jean-Baptiste Chardin and Nicolas Poussin was why sharp break with tradition impossible.

Fantin asked out what one critic described on his death as a "modest and arid farrow," but he managed to reap from it a rich harvest. His paintings are easily segregated: still lifes, portraits and fantasy scenes. The still lifes, highly popular in Britain, were a major source of income, and he was not above showing out membership for the commercial market. At their best, as in the exquisitely colored and generally composed *Hydrangeas, Rembrandts, and Fruit* (1894), the still lifes were a radiant stillness that is utterly glowing. Although the glimmering pool of an orange and the delicate shading of petals are marvels of description, Fantin transcends the mere reproduction of nature. The echoing of round shapes, the warm colors of fruit and tablecloth played against the cool flowers and background, and the clear, clean colors of the still life are a symphony of light and color. To achieve this formal harmony was one



Paola Andre Castro, 56 years old. Forty of five share brother's home. Four ventilators. Any poor del. Live poorer chance of improvement.

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of Fantin's highest goals.

In particular, Fantin saw faithful observation of nature not as an end in itself but as a means of achieving formal beauty. Although he could have enjoyed a lucrative career as a society portraitist, he avoided that genre as much as possible. He preferred to paint his family and friends, whom he could treat as impersonally as "flowers in a vase." In *Miss. Luce Maitre* (1884), the subject's face is in shadow, turned away from the viewer in a mood of reverie. The focus of the richly colored, elegant work is a sensuous line running from her ear down the slope of her neck to the soft curve of her naked shoulder. Indeed, *Miss. Henri Lenoir* (1882), who is depicted arranging roses, could almost be one of the flowers, so extensible is the pliant expression on her lovely face. At times the artist's detachment from his subject creates a slightly melancholy mood, as in the case with a tragic portrait of his sister Marie, *Old Study After Nature* (1881). Only the haunting self-portraits of his youth and the portraits of his striking sister-in-law, Charlotte Dubourg, are deeply expressive. In his paintings of the Dubourg sisters together, the dramatic contrast between the smiling Charlotte and her rather dourly sister, Victoria, whom Fantin married in 1876, raises intriguing questions about which of them he truly preferred.

It was typical of the repressed and divided Fantin, however, that he would marry Victoria while worshipping Charlotte in his imagination. Fearful of decay and of madness, which overtook his sister Nathalie, he expressed the romantic side of his nature only through music and through those, conventional fantasy prints and paintings. Those were often inspired by the music of Hector Berlioz, Robert Schumann and Richard Wagner. Fantin's self-portrait scenes from Wagnerian operas to paintings like *Tannhäuser*, *Trübsal* (1864), where plump temptresses cavort in a gaudy, dreamlike landscape. That rather repetitive group of works is markedly inferior to his cool, lucid still lifes and portraits.

If Fantin had been able to bring together the dreamer and the realist within him or to engage more readily in the world around him, he might have attained the lasting glory he so desperately craved. Instead, after his death his name fell into an obscurity which, though undesired, is understandable because of the narrow scope of his vision. At his best, Fantin created a luminous clarity, designed for contemplative pleasures rather than exaltation. The National Gallery exhibition is a fine, if belated, tribute to a master of tranquil delight. ☐

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The art of papering the recession

By Allan Fotheringham

We are all victims of the Starving afternoon movie, helpless slaves to the cat operas of our youth. Gene Autry and Champion and Roy Rogers and Trigger and Red Ryder and Tom Mix and whoever found the horse rather than the girl. Who would have thought that all this slugged-over film fantasy would be responsible for a world-end-of-art, a happening that has produced a mile-square "three-dimensional painting" that may per Alberta on the butcher map? In early July the art critics down what passes as the civilized world will be gathered, swarming off the fire, on a ranch 25 km southwest of Calgary, a rolling land of brush and trees that meanders through the foothills of the Rockies. They will see a work of art, recounted by Vancouver painter Allan Wood, that has cost \$500,000 to erect and is composed of 150,000 board feet of a massive still life. The artist comes to Alberta and finds it an explicable canvas.

We know, as you know, precedents. Christo, the 47-year-old Bulgarian-born environmental artist, created the famous Running Fence in California, 48 km of plastic or polypropylene stretching across the unpopulated wilderness. He wrapped several kilometers of Australian coastline and plans to clad Berli's restored Roshomon in nylon. Is this the start making fun of our society? Or telling us more than we want to know about it?

Allan Wood is a 47-year-old with a face that resembles a friendly William Bessie. He was raised in Widman, a dreadful outpost of the Industrial Revolution, a few kilometres up the Mersey from Liverpool. Rudge and coal and the grandest splendour of the Midlands were his social education. The Western movies of his youth were a delightful escape. He became obsessed—the wide open spaces of the cowboys were so alien to anyone raised in the blackness of Lancashire industry. A graduate of the Liverpool College of Art, he taught in Denbeshire and then

became part of the Cornwall art community in St. Ives, which included such celebrated English artists as Barbara Hepworth.

He first saw British Columbia in 1950 as a visiting artist at the University of Victoria. The introduction lasted only 10 days but Wood was charmed by the scale of the landscape, the size of the trees, the raw and untamed nature of the land. The kid from Widman watching the cowboys awe-frightened the primitive hand of nature. He was determined to return, as his international reputation grew, and in 1954 moved



to Vancouver to stay.

Eventually, he discovered the Rockies, the last unspoiled that saddles in the B.C. Interior between the Rockies and the coastal range and that contains—unknown to the rest of Canada—some of the largest cattle ranches in North America. He discovered the abandoned, belated, dilapidated ranch houses, boardwalks, stables and spirit-rail fences and fading corrals. In essence, the stuff of his Western movie dreams. He recognized what he regards as the classic architecture of the West—all of it going to waste and the weather. He eludes, rather passionately, that the ranch architecture is in Western Canada what the Acropolis is to Athens. There is just one small difference. The spirit rails and cedar barns are collapsing, to be replaced by barbed wire and aluminum siding. He describes an old, ornate, collapsed building rising into the earth and grown over, an evoking to his night terrors of Roshomon. He wants to record all that before it disappears

entirely under the onslaught of time, temperatures and the developer who grows condominiums as a crop.

The result of all this will be unveiled early in July, before the Calgary Stampede opens. Wood's \$500,000 Ranch piece, spreading over 250 acres on the Rocky Mountain Ranch, will encompass 12 different "tableaux"—has artistic impression of wilderness and corrals and ranch houses. A hardcase critic has observed that the only place you will be able to view it from is a satellite. His crew were taken up several years ago by a Vancouver private gallery run by Stan Houston, son of James Houston, whose books served Western art in this country and throughout the world, and Diane Purvis, who is well connected through the Vancouver Establishment. They have now raised some \$400,000 for the project that is guaranteed to raise a howl on the front pages.

In a plant outside Vancouver three young assistants have devised a machine that takes the two-by-six lumber and wraps it in 12,000 square yards of canvas and then stacks it in the variegated 3,400 L of paint. The sections are numbered and shipped by truck to Alberta, to be assembled under the supervision of Wood, a man of no small ego who talks of himself in the tradition of Monet and others who were based in their time. The ranch, the golden pig, has been donated by its four owners: Maxine Strong, the Liberal internationalist, ex-wife of an aviator, a lawyer and a stockbroker. An architectural computer is co-ordinating the re-coordinates. The Stampede is delighted, donating an \$800-square-foot museum as a trailer, showing its screen by saying it is a rare marriage of "agriculture and culture." Andy Warhol, who has promised to attend the opening, pointed if there was a "no airport" anywhere near the event.

Wood, in his Vancouver stage, in his standard costume of cowboy boots and plaid shirt with point buttons, would seriously like the western cattle to beader from the foothills, walk all over his work of art and make it a "coastal canvas." We are in the middle of a recession with 1.6 million out of work. Can the country accommodate all this?



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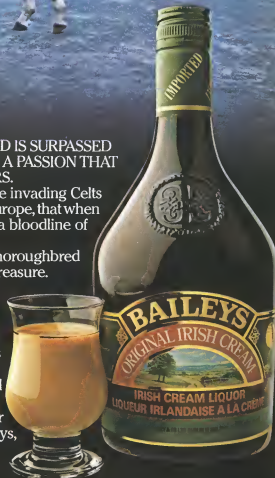
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